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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1858, BY  
JOHN A. GRAY,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE  
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## THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

WHATEVER may be said of the merits of the right of search question, our recent action with regard to it, has done justice neither to it nor to ourselves. The day has long gone by when it was necessary for us to boast of our readiness to fight, in order to convince the world of our power. There was a time when our capabilities and resources were vastly greater than people dreamed of, and when we alone could speak of them with knowledge. But the self-assertion which is pardonable in obscure merit, is preposterous in notorious vigor and maturity. No one will be a whit more convinced by Senatorial indignation, that the United States will not brook an insult, and has the means as well as the will to avenge it. It is certainly not either the threats or self-glorification of its statesmen which have given any nation on earth a high standing. The 'great powers' are great in virtue of great deeds. It was not Napoleon's thundering bulletins which made Europe tremble at his nod. The world would have laughed at his blasts of Oriental indignation, if they had not found vent in Marengo and Austerlitz. 'Rule Britannia' would be a very ludicrous performance, if there had never been such battles as those of the Nile and of Trafalgar. And we may rest assured, that we owe our present position not to 'war speeches' or Fourth-of-July orations, but to our wealth, our commerce, our population, our indomitable enterprise, our capacity for self-government, and the *prestige* of three bloody wars. If these will not save us from dishonor, Messrs. Seward, and Hale, and Toombs may threaten in vain. War-whoops such as characterized recent debates in the Senate, can add nothing to our physical strength, and they sadly diminish our moral influence. We have reached that stage of national growth when it is just as necessary that we should take the field with dignity, as leave it with honor.

For all these reasons, we regret that the visitations of our vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, should have led to hostile language on the part of men occupying seats in the Senate-Chamber, before it had been ascertained whether the British Government had authorized them, and still more, that a fleet should have been equipped and sent to sea with belligerent instructions, before both sides of the controversy had been heard. War is a remedy so terrible, for even the worst of evils, that it has always been justly considered the last resort of the injured or insulted. It was our duty first to have heard whether the British officers had any evidence to offer, or statements to make, in reply to the *ex parte* testimony of our own skippers; next, whether, the facts being acknowledged, they had acted under orders from their superiors, and if so, what their Government had to say in justification of such orders; and lastly, to have asked for the instant cessation of the acts complained of. In other words, to have demanded simply, the punishment of the officers, and reparation, in case they acted without orders; the revocation of the orders, and reparation, in case they acted with them. A refusal, in either case, would have been a clear *casus belli*; but a due regard both to the claims of justice and humanity, and our own character, required these steps to be carefully taken, before the commission of any act, either hostile in itself or leading to hostilities. Let a nation be ever so satisfied of the justice of its own cause, it owes it to the public opinion of the world to see that an appeal to the sword be well considered and *en règle*.

The demands made in Congress for the arrest, and even the execution, of the British naval officers engaged in the 'outrages,' were not only silly, but displayed ignorance on points with which all persons who are engaged in the management of public affairs ought to be familiar. If they acted in obedience to the orders of their Government, they were unquestionably not personally responsible for any consequences resulting from the execution of those orders. This question was discussed between Mr. Webster and Mr. Fox, the British Minister, in reference to McLeod's case in 1841, and there was no difference of opinion between them on the subject. When Mr. Crittenden, then Attorney-General, was sent on to New-York, to watch the trial on behalf of the Federal Government, Mr. Webster's letter of instructions contained a full acknowledgment of this principle. He there said: 'That an individual forming part of a public force, and acting under the authority of his Government, is not to be held answerable as a private trespasser or malefactor, is a principle of public law, sanctioned by the usages of all civilized nations, and which the Government of the United States has no inclination to dispute.'

Nor is the position that they might lawfully be arrested on the high seas and dealt with by our tribunals, if they acted without orders, a bit more tenable. The misdemeanors of members of the public force of a foreign power, committed outside our jurisdiction, are properly punishable only by their superiors on our demand. If we might arrest and try them ourselves, we might with equal show

of reason demand their extradition. The discipline of a foreign army or navy is something which no government ever attempts to interfere with, farther than to hold the nation to which it belongs responsible for its due enforcement toward offences of which it may have been the subject. To resist a foreign officer in the actual commission of an offence, is one thing; to follow him up, and pass judgment on him afterward, is another, and the law of nations has amply recognized the distinction. A little patience and moderation would, in short, have left us in just as good a position regarding the matter in controversy as we hold at this moment, and would have saved us the humiliation of having blustered for two months, and armed a fleet, upon the strength of *ex parte* evidence, and for the purpose of avenging by a bloody war the blunder of the commander of a gun-boat.

This criticism of our manner of asserting our dignity, is all the more allowable, because, if our position as regards the right of search has finally to be defended by force, that defence can be undertaken not only with a better grace, but with far more effect, three months hence than now. What that position is, we believe but a small portion of the public thoroughly understand, because its consideration has not only been disturbed by passion, but by recollections derived from the forcible assertion, by Great Britain, in the last war, of claims which she has long since tacitly but completely abandoned. To understand and appreciate the points in dispute, not in their legal merely, but in their moral aspects, it is necessary to go back a little.

The first controversies which ever arose in modern times about the free use of the sea for purposes of commerce and navigation, were occasioned by the attempts of particular powers to claim certain portions of it as within their territory, and subject to their exclusive jurisdiction. Great Britain sought to appropriate the narrow seas in her own neighborhood — ‘the four seas of England,’ as they were called — and was stoutly resisted by the Dutch, then her great commercial rivals. The jealousies bred by their opposing interests, brought the writers as well as the soldiers of the two countries into the field. While Rupert and De Witt contested the supremacy on the ocean, the jurists and poets belabored each other with ponderous learning or bitter satire. Grotius wrote one of his largest tomes — the *Mare Liberum* — in defence of the freedom of the seas, and particularly of the German Ocean and St. George’s Channel. Selden responded in his *Mare Clausum*, and overwhelmed his opponent with precedents and quotations. He was ably seconded by the lighter artillery of the humorists, who heaped ridicule on the unfortunate Dutch. Butler describes Holland as:

‘A COUNTRY that draws fifty feet of water,  
In which men live as in the hold of Nature;  
That feed like cannibals on other fishes,  
And serve their cousin German up in dishes:  
A land that rides at anchor and is moored,  
In which men do not live, but go aboard.’

Marvell declares that Holland scarce

—— ‘DESERVES the name of land :  
As but the offscouring of the British sand,  
And so much earth as was contributed  
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead.’

and adds that the ‘injured ocean’

—— ‘ORT at leap-frog o’er their steeples played,  
As if on purpose it on land had come  
To show them what’s their *Mare Liberum*,’

Portugal in like manner attempted to appropriate the trade to the East-Indies, and forbade foreign vessels going round the Cape of Good Hope ; but all these pretensions speedily gave way before the common-sense of mankind, and the ocean took its present position as public property. The establishment of the freedom of the seas owed, in those days, more to the indomitable energy of the Dutch than to any thing else. The British had even then given unmistakable indications of that arrogance of temper which would brook no rivalry which could be crushed ; and though the Hollanders had in excess many of the worst faults of traders, the world owes them a debt of gratitude for the indomitable energy with which they resisted pretensions which might, in the then unsettled state of international law, readily have been established as precedents which it would have given posterity some trouble to overturn. This contest, however, is now interesting only as a matter of history, inasmuch as no nation nowadays attempts to claim jurisdiction over any portion of the ocean, except the creeks, bays, and harbors of its own territory, and a league from the shore on the open sea ; and at the commencement of the present century, it was well settled that every vessel navigated for a lawful purpose, had a right to pass where she pleased, with liability, however, to search at the hands of belligerent cruisers, and under the obligation of showing her flag to any man-of-war of any nation, in order to indicate her nationality.

This right, accorded with strange unanimity by all nations to the public vessels of belligerent powers, to search neutral ships, has occasioned a vast deal of trouble and controversy ; but not so much on its own account, as on account of the consequences to which it has led. The search was supposed to be instituted for three purposes : first to discover the nationality of the ship ; next, the nature of the cargo, lest it should prove to be munitions of war for the use of the enemy ; and lastly, the ownership of the cargo. If it happened to consist either of contraband of war, or enemy’s goods, it was liable to seizure and forfeiture, and in the former case, the vessel herself became a lawful prize. So stood the law of nations on this subject, at the outbreak of the French Revolution. During the great wars which followed, in many portions of which Great Britain, who was undisputed mistress of the seas, had half Europe in arms against her, it became very desirable to effect some change in the doctrine, that enemies’ goods on board a

neutral vessel were liable to capture. It was doubly desirable for the United States, because, while we had no interest in the conflict, we had every interest in getting hold of as much of the carrying trade as we could, and this was hardly possible, as long as nearly every power in Europe was at war with some other power. The Baltic powers attempted to enforce the rule, that the flag covers the cargo, by entering into a league, known in history as the 'Armed Neutrality;' but, as it was confessed that the doctrine they put forward was an innovation in the law of nations, Great Britain stoutly resisted it, and finally compelled them to abandon their pretensions. There has been ever since a great deal of controversy, from time to time, as to the rights of neutrals in time of war, and this country has made strenuous attempts to make the flag an effectual protection for the cargo, by whomsoever owned, as long as it is not contraband of war; but its representations have so far produced no effect. Upon one point, however, arising out of this branch of international law, the English Court of Admiralty, and the Supreme Court of the United States, have given decisions directly opposed. The former has decided, that if a neutral places goods on board an armed belligerent cruiser, he forfeits his neutrality, and the goods share the fate of the vessel, if captured; the latter has laid down with equal clearness, that the character of the vessel in no way affects the cargo, and so the matter rests. If another European war were to break out, this conflict of decisions would lead to some curious complications.

In the limits of an article like the present, it is clearly impossible to go into all the details of a controversy which has extended over so many years, and occupied the attention of so many able statesmen. We must content ourselves with a candid examination of the rights and wrongs of a great question, apart from all considerations suggested by national pride or historical reminiscences. The cause of the war of 1812 was not the searching of our vessels by the British, for their right to do so, as long as they were at war with France or any other European power, was never questioned. We nevertheless hear it alleged every day, both on the platform and in the press, that it was to protect our vessels against search that we fought; and the *sang-froid* with which the assertion is made, is a singular illustration of the immunity from question or criticism which a widely-diffused popular error sometimes enjoys. The offence which we took up arms to avenge, was not the search of our vessels, either to ascertain their nationality or the nature of their cargo, but the attempts of Great Britain to use a right which we never denied her, as a means of enforcing her monstrous doctrines upon the subject of the allegiance due from her subjects. We acknowledged that she might lawfully board our ships, to ascertain whether their papers entitled them to their flag, and whether their cargoes were privileged from seizure; but we never acknowledged that British officers might seize any man in our crews, upon whom they chose to fasten the character of a British subject, and



transfer him by force to the royal service. The first was no outrage at all, and we never resented it as such; but sooner than submit to the latter, we went to war. It is therefore plain enough that nothing which occurred in 1812, in spite of all that has been said upon the subject, has any bearing whatever upon the point at issue in the controversy now raging, and that all attempts to find a precedent in it for any thing which we are now doing, or propose to do, are so much Buncombe.

At the close of that war our position, as well as that of Europe, upon the subject of visit and search, confined the right to perform either of these acts to belligerent cruisers. The right of a man-of-war of any nation, at all times, however, to approach sufficiently near to any vessel she might meet, to ascertain her nationality and to require her to show her colors, and, if need be, to compel her to show them by force, was also universally acknowledged. Nothing to be found in the law of nations, however, or, in other words, nothing to which maritime nations unanimously assented, warranted any greater interference than this, with the right of free passage over the seas of the world. But for the slave-trade, in all probability nothing would have occurred to this day, to disturb the opinions entertained by diplomatists on these subjects, when the Treaty of Ghent was signed. The actual state of public opinion with regard to that trade, is something which none of the old publicists ever contemplated, and for which no provision is to be found in their writings. It is something also for which the statesmen who discussed questions of international law in the beginning of the present century, were totally unprepared. It is consequently almost as absurd to look into Grotius or Puffendorf for instructions as to the duties of maritime powers toward slave-traders, as to seek light in Thucydides or Plutarch upon the duties of modern belligerents toward prisoners of war.

There is still another reason, and in our opinion a stronger one, why the solution of the present difficulty cannot properly be sought in what is called international law, and that is, its notorious uncertainty and vagueness, and the absence of any tribunal whose interpretations of it are final and binding upon all who profess to acknowledge its authority. The application of its principles to the facts in any given case is left wholly to the disputants themselves, and the value of a code thus enforced and expounded may readily be estimated. About the principles of law there is rarely much difference of opinion, and if these were all that had to be ascertained, we should rarely have any litigation between either nations or individuals. But the main duty of a tribunal of last resort is to apply these principles to the facts acknowledged by the parties, or established by the evidence. International law has established no such tribunal. It supplies no means of sifting evidence, or ascertaining the truth, and it leaves to the parties themselves the task of weighing and redressing their own wrongs. If we proposed to decide controversies between individuals by such means, we should



be laughed to scorn. If we proposed to take Kent's Commentaries as our standard authority, abolished all the courts, and left persons who had quarrels to settle to decide them by correspondence, and quotations from the ex-Chancellor's great work, and in case of obstinate difference of opinion to punch each other's heads, we should undoubtedly be pronounced insane. And yet the manner in which questions of international law are settled, presents an exact parallel to the above hypothesis.

In point of fact, we doubt whether in a thousand difficulties between sovereign states, ten could be selected which were ever arranged by the submission of both parties to the acknowledged dictum of the law of nations. Whatever jurists and diplomatists may say, we deny *in toto* that any such spectacle as general obedience to abstract rules of right has ever been witnessed in the dealings of nations with one another. Expediency has far oftener regulated their intercourse than respect for Grotius or Vattel, or the reasoning of a diplomatic note. The 'Armed Neutrality' entered into by the Baltic powers was notoriously and undeniably in contravention of the established usage, and the dicta of the publicists; and it was abandoned not for this reason, but because Great Britain, who opposed it, was able to exert an overwhelming force in support of her opinion. No later than four years ago, we offered cheerfully to join the European powers in such a change of the law as would render private property, on sea in time of war, sacred; and at the very same time we steadfastly refused to concur in the abolition of privateering, because it happened to be our principal means of offensive hostilities. In both these cases, we regulated our conduct not by a reference to legal principles, but to our own immediate interest. There is not a page of the history of the last century and a half which does not furnish numerous examples of the fallacy which lurks in the appeals of the 'great powers' to international law. The correspondence by which disputes are always followed, and hostilities always preceded, is due in most instances to that lingering feeling of respect for public opinion by which even the strongest and most unscrupulous are actuated, but it has always struck us as very much resembling that preliminary growling by which two dogs generally preface a fight. Both stand perfectly still, face to face, and each waits for the slightest movement from his antagonist to begin the conflict, but neither wishes to take on himself the responsibility of making it.

But even supposing the law of nations to possess the certainty and accuracy necessary to regulate international dealings, the power of legislating, of effecting the changes necessary to meet allied customs, opinions, to punish new forms of crime, and provide for just contingencies, must reside somewhere. The law of nations certainly had an origin. It did not spring from the brain of Jove, nor is it a simple embodiment of the rules of abstract justice and morality. Many of its leading features are arbitrary rules, which have no foundation whatever in ethics. Many of the leading of-

fences against it, are mere *mala prohibita*, and not *mala per se*. Piracy, for instance, is of course a crime under any law, but the distinction between plundering on land in time of war, by private individuals, and plundering on sea by privateers, is purely arbitrary, and receives no sanction from either religion or morality. The code is full of conventionalisms of the same sort, and these certainly must have some other origin than the conscience of mankind. They are confessedly due to the assent of civilized nations, and have grown into customs partly through accident and partly through their practical convenience. If the civilized nations of the world have the power to make laws, therefore, they surely have the power to alter them. If they find any thing in a code which rose into use in times of barbarism and ignorance, which offends against justice and morality, and retards civilization, they have surely the right to abrogate it. If they can bind, they surely can loose. If they had power to recognize the slave-trade as a lawful traffic after the discovery of America, they have unquestionably power now to brand it as a crime against the human race and punish it accordingly. To maintain the contrary is to maintain that the world four hundred years ago, was more capable of judging what was best for the interests of mankind than it is now, and that time can consecrate cruelty and injustice. If, therefore, the law of nations exists rather in name than in reality, and if it adapts itself readily to the convenience of individual states, our right to such exemptions, as we claim for our flag, must be measured by some surer standard; and if it be a living rule, framed by the civilized world for the world's good, they who framed have the right to alter or modify. In either case, it seems to us, the position taken of late years by our statesmen with reference to the connection of our flag with the slave-trade, is open to grave objections. In the former case we owe a duty to society, and ought to perform it, even with some sacrifice of our dignity, and in the latter case we owe allegiance to law, and should bow to the will of the majority. It is now well established that states are moral individuals, with a conscience to be obeyed and cultivated, and honor to maintain, with moral duties to perform as well as moral obligations to fulfil. The theory that a nation can lawfully adopt a line of conduct for which it can offer no better justification than the gratification of its own desires, is now repudiated by the best authorities. The only law of nations which is unmistakably clear and well defined, is the law of right, and to it our first allegiance is due. There is considerable doubt hanging round the question, as round all similar questions, in what manner cruisers are justified in ascertaining a vessel's nationality; and whatever be the proper manner, it is clearly in any case a purely conventional arrangement, which not only may, but *ought* to be altered to meet the requirements of those portions of international law which are based on immutable justice, and owe none of their authority to either the convenience or wishes of men. There is consequently a ten-

fold weightier obligation resting on us to see that our flag does not cover slave cargoes, than to see that our papers are not examined by foreign cruisers. Offences, which are *mala per se*, claim our first attention, and should never be neglected for the rigorous prohibition of those which are only *mala prohibita*. This portion of the case is all the stronger from the fact that to the imperious demands of abstract morality, are added the common assent of all civilized nations, and these two create the most solemn form of obligation.

As regards the injury, which it is alleged we suffer from the right of visit claimed by Great Britain, it is of two kinds, the one affecting the national honor, and the other the value of the ship and cargo. It is an insult to our flag, it is said, to have the right of any vessel to carry it, inquired into by a foreign officer; and it may cause serious loss to individuals to have a vessel delayed, or brought to, even, while on her voyage. In discussing the value of these objections, we desire to have it borne in mind, that we proceed throughout on the assumption that all visitations are made by the British in good faith, and with the sole object of suppressing the slave-trade. No proof has as yet been offered of the contrary. Now, we think it is a full and complete answer to the first of these that we suffer a still greater indignity to be offered to our flag in what is called the 'belligerent right of search,' than has ever been attempted in the crusade of the slave-trade. We ourselves have declared the slave-trade piratical, sinful, and abominable, and all Europe has reëchoed our condemnation. We have entered into solemn engagements to put it down, and yet we allow our flag to cover it with impunity, and refuse either to interfere ourselves or let others. Yet if a war broke out between France and England to-morrow, arising out of a controversy to which we were in no way a party, upon the merits of which we had expressed no opinion, and the results of which could in no way affect us — a controversy it might be in which mankind had no sort of interest, and caused, as such quarrels often are, to use the words of Alexander Hamilton, 'by the attachments, enmities, interests, hopes and fears of private individuals,' or 'by the bigotry, petulances and cabals of a woman;' if a war thus begotten broke out, we should permit our vessels to be stopped on the high seas, boarded and searched fore-and-aft, above and below, by both British and French cruisers; and if the commanders of either one or other saw fit, to be carried into a foreign port, and submitted to the adjudication of a foreign tribunal, without a murmur or remonstrance. Now if the principle of the inviolability of the flag be a good one, surely it would be hard to conceive of a case calling more strongly for its rigorous application than this. What have we to do with foreign squabbles? What business is it of ours if foreign monarchs fall out and fight? Is their losing their temper any reason why our ships should be overhauled on the world's highway, our commerce harassed and impeded, our flag

insulted and set at naught? And yet we never complain. If it be said that the object in view alters the nature of the proceeding, we reply, the suppression of the slave-traffic is an object which commends itself to our sympathies for a thousand reasons, while not one can be urged in favor of the seizure of contraband of war. The dignity of the flag and the inviolability of our territory do not depend upon the doings or motives of foreign powers. If they are sacred they are always sacred, unless we choose for good reasons to abandon a portion of what we claim for them. No one but ourselves is a proper judge of the time or the occasion which demands such a sacrifice, and we surely cannot hesitate between the abolition of the African slave-trade and the convenience of foreign belligerents.

However, while we see in the strongest light the absurdity of standing upon our rights while we wink at the commission of great wrongs upon others, there is no length to which we would not go, to preserve to ourselves the performance of our own police duties — if we did perform them. There are numerous serious inconveniences in principle as well as in practice arising out of the interference of foreign cruisers with vessels sailing under our flag. They are in no way diminished by the nature of the object in view, and we would advise or countenance submission to them, only so long as this submission was the only actual hindrance to the perpetration of the foulest of crimes. There is a maxim well known in courts of law, which ought to be just as well known and as highly prized in diplomatic bureaux: 'He who seeks equity must do equity!' He who appeals to the law for redress must come into court with clean hands. Our misfortune in this dispute is that, in spite of our solemn agreements and equally solemn moral obligations, we do nothing to suppress the slave-trade ourselves. We claim the broadest immunity for our flag under all circumstances, and yet take no steps to see that foreign nations are protected from its abuse. We should remember that if we have our rights on the seas we have our duties as well; but the duties once performed, we would assert the rights against all odds, and join issue upon the pettiest infringement of the very least of them.

It is often said of very weak and very poor people, that they cannot afford to have a conscience; but no one excuses the rich and strong for not indulging in the luxury. We are now old enough, and powerful enough, not only to protect our rights, but enforce our laws. Our government is thoroughly respected both at home and abroad, and has ample means at its command for carrying into effect all lawful wishes. We are famed for our skill and courage and independence the world over. We can now safely commence to build up a reputation for moral integrity and uprightness; and if it only extend with our territory, and increase with our population, we shall have achieved something which no other nation has ever even attempted.

## THE CHURCH IN THE SKY.

Ah! there it rises, dim and grand,  
Where yon blue vapors lie,  
My church amid the purple clouds,  
Far up the summer sky.

Behold its misty battlements,  
Its airy, gleaming spires!  
How bright its arching windows shine,  
With opalescent fires.

And higher still, behold its dome,  
Majestic, grand, and dim!  
In what a radiant glory-sea  
Its antique arches swim!

'T is based upon the summer clouds,  
'T is built of golden blocks,  
And with each idle, passing breeze  
Its red-cross banner rocks!

But hark! from yon high, misty tower,  
There comes a chime of bells,  
And with the sighing twilight wind,  
It loud and louder swells!

Ay, list again! for now is heard  
From 'neath the azure dome,  
The chanting of the angel-choirs,  
Who sing of harvest-home.

Behold them strike their golden harps!  
How white their garments gleam!  
And o'er them, from yon casements high,  
What floods of radiance stream!

Meanwhile, within the chancel kneels  
The form of ONE divine;  
Upon HIS brow is stamped the cross,  
A wondrous, holy sign.

O radiant soul! O sacred Son!  
For whom dost offer prayer?  
'T is for THY wandering flock on earth,  
Who doubt, and nigh despair.

But now aslant the mazy aisles,  
Mysterious shadows fall,  
And soon is vanished from the sight  
Each shining jasper wall:

The airy structure disappears,  
'T was but a twilight dream,  
Fit for the musing of an hour,  
A visionary theme!

## B E R T R A N D E D E R O L S .

BEFORE the gates of the Palace of Toulouse perished, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, M. De Coras, Counsellor to the Parliament of that city, and a Calvinist by faith. Previous to his death, however, he had given to the world many of the facts connected with a most remarkable case of imposture, wherein circumstances of actual occurrence appeared stranger than the wildest vagaries of fiction; a case deemed worthy of being enumerated among *Les Causes Célèbres* of France.

Martin Guerre, a native of Biscay, married, in early youth, Bertrande de Rols of the City of Artigues, in the Diocese of Rieux. They were about the same age, and enjoyed that happy condition of life equally removed from the privations of poverty and the perplexities of wealth. She was worthy, modest, and beautiful. A union of nine years was, however, blessed with no offspring. Both were of the opinion that this misfortune was caused by the operation of some charm, and in accordance with the superstitious ideas of the time, Bertrande caused four masses to be celebrated, and ate bread baked in ashes. As a proof of her devotion, she resisted the solicitations of her parents to separate herself from Martin Guerre by course of law. The tenth year of their marriage was crowned with the birth of a son, whom they named Sanxi. About this time the husband absented himself on account of some offence committed against his father. The parent's anger was soon forgotten, but Martin Guerre did not return. Whether he had become tired of his wife, or had been led away by love of adventure, or perhaps of libertinage, no one knew. They had reason to believe he was living, but a long time passed without the slightest information concerning him.

After eight years of suspense, during which the neglected wife had lived above reproach, a man presented himself as her husband. He had the same figure and the same lineaments of face as Martin Guerre, and was recognized as the husband of Bertrande de Rols by her four sisters-in-law, her uncle by marriage, her own parents, and also by herself. She really loved her husband and did not doubt that she had recovered her loss in the veritable Martin Guerre. They lived together for the space of three years as husband and wife, having in the mean time two children, one of which died at birth. He also took possession of the estates at Artigues and in Biscay, and in every respect acted as the husband of Bertrande de Rols.

Pierre Guerre, the uncle of Martin, and several other persons, finally began to suspect that the assumed husband was an impostor. If such were the case, Jupiter himself had not more perfectly played the part of Amphitryon during his absence from the deluded Alcmena. They believed at first that Bertrande had willingly deceived herself for the reason that the deception was agreeable. It



seemed improbable that a resemblance however exact could so mislead a wife who had lived ten years in the matrimonial relation. Was it possible that an impostor could so represent the manner, the tones of voice, the gestures of an absent husband, and that indescribable something which arises from close familiarity, as to impose upon a wife whom nothing peculiar to her husband can escape? However this may be, the incredulous friends of Bertrande apparently succeeded in convincing her that the person with whom she had been living three years was not Martin Guerre, but an impostor, named Arnaud du Tilh. He was arrested and arraigned before the Court of Rieux. Bertrande de Rols demanded in her petition that, in addition to a penalty to the Crown, the accused should, with uncovered head, bare feet, and holding a burning torch in his hand, ask pardon of God, of the King, and of herself, saying that he had falsely, impudently, and wickedly wronged her in assuming the name and representing the person of Martin Guerre; and finally, that he should be condemned to pay her the sum of two thousand livres and bear the costs of the trial.

Arnaud du Tilh alleged in his defence before the Judge that no misfortune could equal his, for the reason that a number of his relations were so base as to deny his name, and even his existence, in order to obtain possession of his property; that Pierre Guerre, who had instigated the prosecution, was animated by hatred and cupidity; that those who shared the opinion of the uncle, were persecuting him from motives of avarice, and had even suborned his wife, at the expense of her good name, to engage in this atrocious procedure.

The accused then explained the cause of his disappearance, and gave an account of his life during his long absence from Artigues. He stated that he had served the King of France as a soldier for seven years, and afterward visited Spain. Longing to see again his home and kindred, he had returned to them. In spite of the change which time and the cultivation of a beard had made in his appearance, he had the satisfaction of having been recognized as the husband of Bertrande de Rols, and loaded with caresses by this same Pierre Guerre who now charged him with imposture. He declared that he had not lost the friendship of his uncle until he had demanded of him an account of the property committed to his keeping, during his own absence from Artigues; and that the charge would never have been preferred had he been willing to sacrifice his entire estate. Pierre Guerre, he insisted, had employed every possible means to effect his ruin, and even on one occasion attacked him with the view of taking his life. As the climax of this unheard-of persecution, he was attempting to make the Court of Rieux subservient to his base designs. The accused requested of the Judge that he might be confronted by his wife, who was not animated by the passion that governed his persecutors, and therefore could not deny the truth. He also demanded that his calumniators should be condemned, according to the laws of equity, to the same penalty which they were desirous of imposing upon



himself; that Bertrande de Rols should be entirely removed from the influence of Pierre Guerre and his associates, and that the false charges should be forthwith withdrawn.

The Court then instituted a close examination of Arnaud du Tilh. He promptly answered all the questions put by the Judge relative to Biscay; to the birth-place of Martin Guerre, and his connections; to the year, the month, the day even of his marriage; to his father and mother-in-law, the priest and the guests who were present at the marriage ceremony; and also to the particular circumstances occurring on that and the day following, even to giving the names of the persons who went to see him at mid-night in the nuptial-bed, according to the custom of the country. He spoke of his son Sanxi, of the day upon which he was born, of his own departure, the persons he had met in his travels, of the cities he had visited in France and in Spain, of persons he had seen in those countries; and in order that they might be the more perfectly convinced of the truth of his depositions, gave the names of individuals who could confirm all that he had said. In all this, there was not the slightest circumstance that could be turned against him. Granting the accused to be an impostor, Martin Guerre himself could not have stated the facts more promptly and correctly. Mercury had not more perfectly recalled to the memory of Sophia all her previous actions.

It was ordered by the Court that Bertrande de Rols, and several persons named by the accused, should be submitted to an examination. Bertrande gave the facts relative to the marriage in perfect conformity with Arnaud du Tilh, with the exception of mentioning the supposed charm to which allusion has been made. She related her unwillingness to separate herself from her husband, in compliance with the wish of her parents, although the marriage had not been blessed with offspring, and that the birth of Sanxi afterward was conclusive proof that the charm had been broken, and that her husband was no longer impotent.

The accused, who had not heard the deposition of Bertrande, was then interrogated upon these points. He related in detail the circumstances connected therewith, mentioning the means they had employed to dispel the charm, and giving, in every respect, the same history of the affair as Bertrande herself.

Arnaud du Tilh was now confronted by the plaintiff and all the witnesses. He demanded again that his wife should be removed from the influence of Pierre Guerre and his associates, in order that her judgment might not be perverted by his enemies. The demand was granted by the Court. He brought exceptions against the opposing testimony, and asked permission to publish a monitory to verify these exceptions, and prove that Bertrande de Rols had been suborned by his persecutors. This was also granted; but it was ordered at the same time to make a searching examination at Peiz, Sagias, and Artigues, into all the circumstances relating to Martin Guerre, the accused, and Bertrande de Rols, and also investigate the character of the witnesses. The revelations of the

monitory, and the facts elicited in the course of the investigation, confirmed the virtuous conduct of the forsaken wife.

Of the one hundred and fifty witnesses who were sworn, between thirty and forty deposed that the accused was the veritable Martin Guerre, on the ground that they had known him well from infancy, and also recognized him by several marks and scars, which time had not removed. A still greater number of witnesses, however, testified that the defendant was not Martin Guerre, but Arnaud du Tilh, *alias* Pousette, declaring that they had been acquainted with him from the cradle. The remainder of the witnesses, numbering more than sixty, averred that the resemblance between the two was so striking, that they could not affirm whether the accused was Martin Guerre or Arnaud du Tilh.

The Court then ordered two reports upon the resemblance, or the want of resemblance, between Sanxi Guerre and the defendant, and also between the former and the sisters of Martin Guerre. It resulted from the first report, that Sanxi Guerre did not resemble the accused, and from the second, that he did resemble the sisters of Martin Guerre. The revelations of the monitory, and the facts elicited by the investigation, would seem at least to have left the guilt of Arnaud du Tilh a matter of doubt. But upon the slight and unreliable proof contained in the two reports he was convicted of the crime of imposture, and condemned to lose his head, and, after death, to be quartered. Aside from the doubts of criminality of which the accused is always to have the benefit, the tender relations of marriage and of parentage should have availed somewhat with the Judge in making his decision.

Arnaud du Tilh, having appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse, that high Court deemed it necessary to institute a more thorough investigation into the case than had yet been made. It ordered first, that Pierre Guerre and Bertrande de Rols should be confronted in presence of the assembly by the accused. On that occasion, Arnaud du Tilh bore an air so assured, and a face so open and apparently sincere, that the judges believed they saw therein the evidence of his being the veritable Martin Guerre. Pierre Guerre and Bertrande, on the contrary, seemed disconcerted. But as these circumstances could not be regarded as absolute proofs of innocence, the Court ordered an inquiry into several important facts, concerning which a number of new witnesses were to be heard. This investigation, instead of enlightening the minds of the judges, served only to render the case more obscure and difficult of decision. Of the thirty new witnesses, nine or ten declared that the accused was the veritable Martin Guerre, and seven or eight that he was Arnaud du Tilh: the rest were not willing to affirm positively on either side.

Among the forty-five witnesses who testified against the accused, were individuals whose depositions carried great weight. The most important, perhaps, was his uncle, Carbon Barreau, who recognized him as his nephew, and seeing him in fetters, bitterly deplored the unfortunate destiny of one so nearly related to himself.

It was not to be supposed that a person would, under such circumstances, state what was untrue. Nearly all the above witnesses declared that Martin Guerre was of taller stature, and darker than the accused; that he was slender, and a little round-shouldered; that his head was thrown somewhat backward; that his nose was large and flat, the upper-lip slightly pendulent, and that there were two scars upon the face. Arnaud du Tilh, on the contrary, appeared to be thicker-set without being round-shouldered; but he bore precisely the same marks upon the face as Martin Guerre. The shoemaker of the latter testified that there was considerable difference in the size of the shoes worn by him and those of the accused. Another witness deposed that Martin Guerre was skilful in the use of weapons, while Arnaud du Tilh knew nothing about them. Jean Espagnol affirmed that the accused had made himself known to him, but desired that he would keep it secret. Valentine Rugie also deposed that the accused, seeing the witness recognize him as Arnaud du Tilh, had made him a sign to say nothing. Pelegrin de Liberos swore to a similar circumstance, and stated likewise that the accused had on one occasion given him two pocket-handkerchiefs, with the instruction that one of them should be presented to his brother, Jean du Tilh.

Testimony was given by two other persons to the effect that a soldier from Rochefort, passing by Artigues, was surprised that the accused should call himself Martin Guerre: he declared openly that he was an impostor; that Martin Guerre was in Flanders, and that he had a wooden leg in place of a limb carried away by a cannon-ball before Saint Quentin at the battle of Saint Laurent. It was added that Martin Guerre was from Biscay, where the Basque is spoken, a language of which Arnaud du Tilh was almost entirely ignorant. It was finally deposed by a number of witnesses that the accused had, from an early age, been inclined to evil practices, and that he was a thief, a perjurer, an atheist, and a blasphemer. After all this, could he not easily play the character of an impostor? Were not the facts testified against him sufficient for his condemnation?

The affirmations on the opposite side were, however, still more conclusive of innocence. Between thirty and forty witnesses testified that the accused was veritably Martin Guerre, and strengthened their testimony by saying that they had been acquainted with him from infancy, and had frequently eaten and drunk with him. Among these witnesses were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, who had been brought up with him, and from the first had maintained that the accused was their brother. Was it possible for all of these to be deceived? Would they not have observed and seized upon the slightest perceptible difference between the two persons?

Some of the witnesses, who had been present at the marriage of Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, gave their testimony in favor of the accused. Catherine Borre stated that, at mid-night, she had carried to the newly-married pair the collation, called *media*

*noche*, or the *Réveillon*, and that the accused was the person whom she saw in bed with Bertrande de Rols.

A still more remarkable circumstance influenced the testimony of many of the witnesses in favor of the accused. Martin Guerre was known to have two prominent upper teeth, a drop of blood extravasated in the left eye, the nail of the index-finger broken, three warts upon the right hand, and one upon the little finger of the left hand: the accused bore exactly the same marks. How could Nature have imitated so perfectly these distinguishing peculiarities?

Other, and apparently reliable witnesses, testified to the existence of a conspiracy between Pierre Guerre and his associates to ruin the accused; that they had sounded one Jean Loze Consul, of Palhos, to know whether he would furnish money to carry on the trial, but that the latter had refused on the ground that Martin Guerre was a relative, and that he would rather give money to save than to ruin him. It was a common report at Artigues, they added, that Pierre Guerre and his cabal were persecuting Martin Guerre against the actual wish of his wife, and that several persons had heard her say to Pierre Guerre that the accused was his nephew, and no other person.

Nearly all the witnesses agreed in stating that the accused, on his arrival at Artigues, had recognized and called by name all his relatives and friends with the intimate familiarity of Martin Guerre; that he had recalled to those who were but slightly acquainted with him the places where they had met, conversations they had held, and parties of pleasure in which they had joined, ten, fifteen, and even twenty years before, as if all these things had been of recent occurrence. What was still more singular, he had recalled to the mind of Bertrande de Rols the most intimate and secret events connected with the nuptial-bed — events of which a husband alone could have knowledge. After the first caresses, upon his return, he had asked her to bring him his white breeches, lined with white taffeta, from a certain chest, and she had found them in the place indicated, although not aware of her husband's possessing such an article of dress.

Was it possible, in the light of all these circumstances, to believe that the accused was not Martin Guerre? Could any other brain than his have been filled with all these ideas? Was it credible that an impostor, unacquainted with a single individual in the place where he wished to practise his deception, could successfully represent a person who had lived there a number of years, who had formed a large circle of acquaintances, communicated with people of every class, and passed through many different scenes; was it, indeed, credible that this imposture should succeed when the person in question had a wife who had lived under his eyes a number of years, and with whom he had intimately communicated upon almost every imaginable subject? Could the memory of a man, playing the character of another under such trying circumstances, never be at fault? Was it not, in fine, morally certain that the

accused was none other than the veritable Martin Guerre, the husband of Bertrande de Rols?

It should be here observed that the result of the second inquiry as to the resemblance between the accused and the sisters of Martin Guerre, was entirely favorable to the defendant. The persons who drew up the report were satisfied that he must be their brother. But what left apparently not the least doubt of calumny and fraud against the accused, was the conduct of Bertrande de Rols during the trial. When she was confronted by him, he required her, by the sacredness of an oath, to testify as to his identity; he went so far as to make her his judge, declaring that he would submit to capital punishment if she would swear that he was not Martin Guerre. Would an impostor have placed himself in a position where nothing could avail him but the assurance of innocence?

What was the answer of Bertrande? She declared that she wished neither to swear nor to believe. It was as if she had said: 'Although I cannot betray the truth that condemns me and speaks for you, I do not, however, wish to acknowledge it, even at the time when it escapes me in spite of myself, for the reason that I have now gone too far to turn back.' Observe, also, her conduct toward the accused before the trial. She had lived with him three years, as a wife lives with her husband in the tender relation of matrimony, without complaint; and it does not appear from the testimony that she had detected, during that length of time, any point of difference between the accused and Martin Guerre. When some one said to her that the person with whom she was living was not her husband, she angrily contradicted the statement, declaring that she knew better than any one else, and whoever said that her husband was an impostor should be made to suffer. She had also been heard to declare that the accused was Martin Guerre or an evil spirit in his body, for no two persons could so exactly resemble each other.

How many times, also, Bertrande de Rols had complained of Pierre Guerre, and of his wife, who was at the same time her own mother, for the reason that they had urged her to prosecute the accused as an impostor! They had even threatened to drive her from the house unless she complied with their wishes. It was evident that she had been led away, and was completely under the influence of Pierre Guerre and her mother. It will be remembered that the latter had before counselled Bertrande to procure a separation from her husband on the ground of impotence.

It is reported that the accused, having been thrown into prison previous to this trial, and for some other offence, at the petition of Jean d'Escornebeuf, (whose secret colleague was Pierre Guerre,) it was then asserted that the person arraigned was not the veritable Martin Guerre; and that Bertrande de Rols also then complained of the constant solicitations of Pierre Guerre and his wife to prosecute the accused for imposture. When he had been set at liberty by virtue of the judgment of the Seneschal of Toulouse, which

pronounced between the parties a decree of contrariety, Bertrande de Rols received him with demonstrations of joy, caressed him, and even did not disdain humbly to wash his feet. Upon the following day, however, Pierre Guerre, with his associates, had the inhumanity again to thrust him into prison, having violated thereby his letter of authority. Was it not evident from all this, that Bertrande was unable to resist the tyrannical ascendancy of Pierre Guerre, especially as she sent the accused, in prison, a dress and money to purchase provisions?

If, as one of the ancients has declared, 'it belongs only to a husband to understand his wife,' can it not be said with equal reason, that a wife alone thoroughly understands her husband? And since Bertrande de Rols had long recognized the accused as such, it followed that he was Martin Guerre, and could be no other person.

In view of all these convincing proofs, was not the Court of Toulouse bound to decide in favor of the accused?

The mere report of the soldier, that Martin Guerre had been in Flanders, and lost a leg in the battle of Saint Laurent, it was argued, could carry no weight in a court of justice. In answer to the argument that the physical traits of Martin Guerre did not in every respect correspond with those of the accused, it was answered that the difference related only to the size of the individuals. Was it singular that Martin Guerre, who was slender, and appeared to be taller than the accused, being yet very young when he left Artigues, should, after so long an absence, seem shorter and thick-set? A person who increases in size becomes apparently shorter. Nor could the want of resemblance between Sanxi Guerre and the accused be considered as proof against the latter. How many children there are which bear not the slightest resemblance to their father! No argument could be drawn from the circumstance that the accused did not speak the Basque; for, upon investigation, it was found that Martin Guerre had been carried from Biscay at the age of two years or thereabouts. The vicious character attributed to Arnaud du Tilh, was likewise no argument against the accused, for the reason that he had been shown to be Martin Guerre. During the three or four years he had lived with Bertrande de Rols he had not been charged with being a libertine or a debauchee.

In reference to the corresponding marks and scars upon the accused and Martin Guerre, the prosecution argued that the fact was not attested by a number of concurrent witnesses, but that for each mark there was a special witness who testified to having seen the same upon Martin Guerre. As to the prominent upper teeth, and the same features and lineaments said to belong to both Martin Guerre and the accused, does not history give many instances of resemblance equally remarkable? Sura, while Pro-consul in Sicily, met there a poor fisherman who had the same outlines of face and features, the same size, height, and proportion as himself. The gestures which Sura was accustomed to make, were natural to the fisherman. He had exactly the same expression of countenance, and



opened his mouth in the manner peculiar to the Sicilian when laughing and speaking. What was more singular, they both stammered in speech, a circumstance which led the Pro-consul to remark that he was surprised at so perfect a resemblance, since his father had never been in Sicily. 'Be not surprised,' replied the fisherman, 'my mother was several times at Rome.' Livy states that Menogenes, cook to Pompey the Great, resembled his master perfectly. Many other examples might be given. If resemblance were an irrefragable argument, how many celebrated impostors who have availed themselves of it, would have escaped punishment!

Neither was the Court to be deceived by the perfection in which Arnaud du Tilh had imitated Martin Guerre. He knew the same persons; and had been able to recall exactly the dates and circumstances of events in which Martin Guerre had participated. Arnaud du Tilh, the prosecution argued, was a skilful actor, who had not attempted to play his part without having well studied it beforehand. He was an ingenious impostor, who had cunningly devised his plan, who had the art of clothing deception in the livery of truth, and who could so cover with a veil of impudence his evil acts as to prevent them from making their legitimate impression upon the minds of others.

It was also maintained that the accused could draw no advantage from the refusal of Bertrande de Rols to testify against him. The taking of an oath in a criminal matter not being in itself proof in favor of one side, a refusal to testify could not be regarded as proof in favor of the other. Moreover, were there not timid and superstitious persons who, frightened by the solemn impressions which an oath inspires, would not testify even for the truth itself? It was easy, they averred, to account for the part taken by Bertrande de Rols during the three years. Her conduct had been that of a timid, kind-hearted person, incapable of making a decided resolution, and of proceeding against any one, least of all against a person from whom she kept nothing in reserve, and regarded as another self. A woman of this kind disposition suffers when she is obliged to seek even for justice at the cost of human life; her heart is lacerated; she repents of having gone so far, and attempts to retrace her steps. Such, the prosecution declared, was the position of Bertrande de Rols, whose sympathy for an impostor was stronger than her indignation against him.

These were the proofs and the arguments brought forward in favor of and against the accused, and on carefully considering the facts adduced, was it possible to believe that he was not the veritable Martin Guerre? For, aside from the evident weight of testimony on his part, humanity and a tender regard for the condition of Bertrande de Rols and her infant were powerful pleas in favor of an acquittal. The Court of Toulouse had, indeed, resolved to render judgment in favor of the accused, when a remarkable circumstance supervened. Unexpectedly, as if fallen from Heaven, a second individual presented himself, claiming to be the real Martin Guerre, the husband of Bertrande de Rols. He came, he said,



from Spain, and had a wooden leg, as when seen by the soldier mentioned in the course of the trial. In a petition presented to the Court, he gave a history of the imposture, and asked to be examined. The Court ordered a further investigation, and also that the new claimant should be confronted by the accused, by Bertrande de Rols, by her sisters-in-law, and the principal witnesses who had so positively sworn that Arnaud du Tilh was no other than Martin Guerre. He was interrogated concerning the facts upon which the defendant had already testified, and exhibited the marks by which they could recognize him, but these were neither so numerous nor so positive as those furnished by Arnaud du Tilh. They confronted each other in the presence of the court. The accused treated the new claimant as an impostor, a villain, suborned by Pierre Guerre, and boldly declared that he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove the charge and cover his enemies with confusion. In the same confident manner he interrogated his accuser upon a number of domestic incidents which should have been known to him if he were the real husband of Bertrande de Rols. The latter did not respond with the same degree of confidence and assurance of truth as had characterized the testimony of Arnaud du Tilh. Judging from the manner of the two claimants, it was impossible to do otherwise than accept the assertion of the former.

Having caused Arnaud du Tilh to withdraw, the commissioners examined the new contestant upon a number of secret and particular facts not before alluded to in the trial; and the answers bore every evidence of being truthful. Arnaud du Tilh was then questioned upon the very same points, and responded to the ten or twelve questions put with the same promptness and assurance as before.

To determine, if possible, the truth of this mysterious case, the court then ordered that the four sisters of Martin Guerre, Pierre Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, and the principal witnesses should appear to choose between the two claimants. These all presented themselves excepting the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, since the injunctions of the court did not oblige them to be present. It was deemed inhuman to compel them to testify against their brother, but their refusal to appear was at least a circumstance unfavorable to the cause of Arnaud du Tilh.

The eldest sister of Martin Guerre came first. After a moment's hesitation, she recognized in him her long-absent brother, and, weeping, tenderly embraced him. Addressing the court, she exclaimed: 'Behold my brother Martin Guerre! I acknowledge the error in which this abominable deceiver,' pointing to Arnaud du Tilh, 'has for so long a time kept me, as well as all the inhabitants of Artigues.' Martin Guerre mingled his tears with those of his sister. The others recognized him in like manner as the veritable husband of Bertrande, not excepting the witnesses who had so confidently maintained the contrary.

After all these recognitions, the injured wife was herself brought forward. She had no sooner cast her eyes upon Martin Guerre

than, overcome with emotion, trembling like a leaf agitated by the wind, she sprang forward to embrace him, imploring pardon for her fault in having been seduced by the artifices of a base impostor. As an extenuation, she declared that she had been led on by her too credulous sisters-in-law, who had recognized Arnaud du Tilh as her husband, and that her great desire to see him again had aided in the deception; that she had been confirmed in her errors both by the physical traits of the impostor and his recital of particular circumstances that could have been known only to her husband. But when her eyes were opened, she said that she had wished for death to conceal the terrible mistake, and that if the fear of God had not restrained her, she would have destroyed herself; that, unable to endure the shocking thought of having lost her honor and chastity, she had prosecuted the criminal, and even procured a judgment of capital punishment against him. The touching air with which Bertrande de Rols spoke, her tears, and the sorrow pictured upon her beautiful face, pleaded powerfully for her. Martin Guerre, who had been so affected when recognized by his sisters, remained insensible to the exhibitions of love and penitence on the part of his wife. After listening until she had finished, he regarded her coldly, and assuming a severe expression of countenance, said: 'Cease to weep; I am not to be moved by your tears; it is in vain that you attempt to excuse yourself by the example of my sisters and my uncle. In recognizing a husband, a wife has more discernment than a father or mother, or all the nearest relatives, and does not permit herself to be deceived only when she loves her error. You have brought dishonor upon my house.'

The members of the Court on the side of the prosecution then endeavored to convince Martin Guerre of the innocence of Bertrande de Rols, who was overwhelmed by the cruel conduct of her husband, but they could not soften his heart or lessen his severity: time alone could change his sentiments. It does not appear that Arnaud du Tilh was in the mean time disconcerted by these recognitions, for he was one of those determined individuals who brave the storm at the very instant it is crushing them. The deception, however, was now clearly unmasked, and the truth vindicated.

The Court, after a solemn deliberation, rendered judgment against Arnaud du Tilh, convicting him of no less than seven distinct crimes in the perpetration of this daring imposture. He was sentenced to ask pardon of God, of the King, and of Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, upon his knees, before the Church of Artigues, with naked feet, the halter upon his neck, and a wax taper in his hand; then to be conveyed upon a cart through the streets of Artigues, to be hung before the house of Martin Guerre, and the body afterward to be burned. The Court also decided that the costs of the trial should be paid from the estate of the accused, and that the remainder should be given to his daughter by Bertrande de Rols, upon the attainment of her majority.

Nor, in the estimation of the tribunal, were Martin Guerre and

Bertrande de Rols entirely free from guilt. The former appeared culpable in having abandoned his wife and given occasion for what had taken place. But his greatest crime consisted in having borne arms against his king at the battle of Laurent, where he had lost a leg by a cannon-ball. Yet in his conduct there had been more of indiscretion than deliberate wrong. If he had given occasion for the fault of Bertrande, it was but a remote occasion, at least an error for which he could not be arraigned before a human tribunal. His bearing arms against his country had also been a matter of compulsion rather than of choice. Being in Spain, he had joined the suite of the Cardinal of Burgos, and afterward that of the Cardinal's brother, who had carried him into Flanders, where he had been obliged to follow his master to the battle of Laurent, and where he had lost one of his limbs as a punishment for the crime they imputed to him.

With regard to Bertrande de Rols, she appeared even more culpable than her husband. It did not seem possible that a person could have been so deceived. The fact that for three years they had striven in vain to convince her of her error, went far to indicate that it had not been very disagreeable to her. On the contrary, the good opinion they had of her nobleness of heart and sagacity, the example of the sisters of Martin Guerre, and so many other persons, the striking resemblance between her husband and the impostor, the relation he had given of circumstance the most minute and mysterious — of events that are confided only to the hymeneal divinity — the fear of bringing dishonor upon herself in prosecuting Arnaud du Tilh, not being certain of her error; all these considerations, joined to the rule that presumes innocence where no guilt is proved, inclined the Court in her favor.

While awaiting the execution of the law in the prison of Ar-tigues, Arnaud du Tilh made a complete confession to the Judge of Rieux. He stated that he had been encouraged to perpetrate the crime by the circumstance that on his return from the camp of Picardy, some intimate friends of Martin Guerre had mistaken him for that person. From them he had informed himself of the parents, sisters, and relatives of the absent husband, and of many other things concerning him. During his travels he had also met Martin Guerre himself, who, an intimate acquaintance having sprung up between them, had communicated freely matters pertaining to his wife and family, even the most particular and circumstantial. He related the conversations they had held, and the times and occasions of secret events. Martin Guerre, had, in fine, revealed to Arnaud du Tilh the mysteries which a husband ordinarily covers with a veil of silence. The condemned had studied well the character he was about to act, and one might almost have said that he knew Martin Guerre better than Martin Guerre knew himself. He denied that he had made use of charms, or attempted to employ any kind of magic. Before the house of Martin Guerre he begged his forgiveness and that of his wife, and seeming to be penetrated with deep sorrow and contrition for his crimes, did not cease to implore the mercy of God until his execution.

## M O T H E R .

TEARS are falling fast and faster,  
 Shades are stealing on my path,  
 Shadows flit before my vision,  
 Shadows creep along the hearth;  
 Mother sits so like a statue,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Sad reverses, with their burdens,  
 Load my weakened, fragile frame,  
 But I feel a giant's prowess,  
 And I swear to fight the same!  
 Mother sleeps in holy quiet,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Homeless! ere to-morrow's sun-set,  
 And I cannot stay my sorrow:  
 Through the tears and shadows creeping  
 Comes the dreary, hated morrow.  
 Mother weeps, all unconscious,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Forth from home, returning never;  
 Tongues of fire would vainly tell  
 All the fears that throb my bosom,  
 But I cannot break the spell.  
 Mother smiles with angel sweetness,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Fears have vanished in the radiance  
 Of my mother's heavenly smile:  
 Surely mother is not dreaming  
 All this long and bitter while.  
 Mother speaks: 'My Heavenly FATHER!  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

'Heavenly FATHER, faithful ever,  
 Try me as it seemeth best,  
 Faint and weary by the way-side,  
 Take me home into THY rest.'  
 Mother's prayer in deep affliction,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Now the music softly swelling,  
 Take me to my father-land,  
 Let me walk within THY temple,  
 Faithful to THY least command.  
 Mother's prayer, ah! yes, 't is answered,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

*Cambridge, (Mass.)*

H W. F.

## *The Palimpsest:*

THE NARRATIVE OF A FATALIST.

BY EDWARD SPENCER, OF MARYLAND.

I RESUME Abdallah's narrative.

'When I had fully gained possession of my fateful secret, I stepped forth from my books to seek one by whose favor I might employ it to my own emolument. The Kalif of my father's time was dead, and his successor a man of too generous a nature to avail himself of my power. In a son of his father, however, a true descendant of the Bagdat Kalifs — by his father's side a son of Abbas, from his mother a well-born Emir — I found one who would well serve my purposes. With all his vices, which were as numerous as the wonders of Paradise, he had a glowing ambition, all-grasping, unscrupulous; and the one virtue of a constant, unchanging fidelity to his servants, counsellors, and parasites. I sought him out as he lived in wasteful luxury in Damascus, became his astrologer and alchemist, and made him the subject of long study, and artfully contrived evil influence. I began to see, under the cloak of his luxurious life, the dissatisfaction with circumstance, and the half-moulded aspirations after power that struggled in his breast. I gained his confidence, raised him from the grossness into the refinement of profligacy, warmed his hopes into being, and framed him to my will. When he was ripe, I said to him: 'Scherif, thou wouldst be Kalif?'

'Yes, my sage, I would be Kalif.'

'Thou wouldst dismiss thy brother to the bright houris, and in his stead reign at Bagdat?'

'Thou sayest it, Abdallah.'

'Know, Emir, that the thing is impossible, for the stars have forbidden it. The people love thy brother too well, and fear thee as the children of the desert fear the lion. Thou wilt here but waste thy life away in vain aspirings. Let us go hence, and I will make thee Kalif.'

'Where wilt thou have me go, Abdallah?'

'Beyond the seas, O Scherif! is a land where dwell the faithful. There, are palaces that surpass those of Damascus and Bagdat; there, are dark maids that rival the Peris of Schiraz, and many sages, wiser than any since the all-potent master; there, is a great city that is as fruitful as the date-palm; a city with six hundred mosques, from whose minarets the muezzin calls to prayers the dwellers in two hundred thousand houses, with nine hundred baths, to make the people subject to a sovereign will. Into that city

mines of gold and silver pour wealth surpassing the adept's dream. There, the revenue of the Kalif exceeds the palaced treasures of the great Alraschid; there, in that land, is a noble river, upon whose flowery banks nestle twelve thousand villages. This shall be thine.'

'Thou speakest of Spain, of Cordova.'

'I speak of the inheritance of the children of Abbas, wrested from them by the weak and effeminate hands of the Ommiyades. I speak of the land whose Kalifs are descended from the fugitive Abdalrhaman, a son of Ommiyah in the inheritance and pleasant places of the true heirs of the Prophet.'

'Abdallah,' said he joyfully, 'we will go to Cordova, and win back our inheritance.'

'Then I told him my power over men. His ambitious soul leaped for joy.'

'Thou shalt be my Vizier, Abdallah, when I am Kalif. Ruler of Spain, I will go eastward through France, to hurl from his throne the shaven dotard of Rome, to hold the pleasant isles and vales of the Grecian sages.'

'But fate decreed otherwise.'

'Even as he grasped his power, he offended me, and died. The sons of Ommiyah feared me; for I could raise up and cast down as I listed, and so I was powerful in Cordova. My palace was beautiful as the one the genii of Solomon built for the 'master of the lamp.' The slaves of my harem were more beautiful than the chosen wives of the Kalif. The learned flocked to hear me talk; for my words were as wise as my heart was wicked. The people feared me, saying, 'He hath the blighting power of the evil eye;' and no one loved me. But joy fled from my heart. After the full glow of accomplished purpose came remorse. Fair and smooth without was I, as the apples that grow by the sea of death; but within, like them, dust and ashes.'

'In a battle with the Christian, I one day obtained a monk for a prize. I gave him the drug with the purpose of torture; for I hated man, and loved to behold his wo, his agony, his debasement. But I had never seen such as this man. When I reviled him, he blessed me. When I tortured him, he prayed to his God for me. I reflected. I asked him how he got this long-suffering, patient serenity, so different from what I was wont to know. He talked with me. My heart softened toward him. I alleviated his sufferings as I was best able, but told him he must die, giving him an explanation of the cause. With a smile he forgave me. I demanded how he was able to do this thing, and he said his MASTER had so taught him; and then he recited the doctrines of his faith. I felt that his was a greater God than mine; and, being baptized, desired to expiate my sins. He referred me to the devotions and penance of a monastery, giving me a letter to the Prior of Saint Josephus in Asturia. He died blessing me.'

'My wealth has gone to those from whom it was plundered.'

To-morrow I go to the convent, seeking, in prayer, repentance, and good works, to be pardoned. Amen.

'To my unlucky Heir, whomsoever thou shalt be, these things further :

'My art (for the devil is permitted to be true) teaches me three things.

'FIRST: That the mandate of the stars is irrevocable, and must be fulfilled.

'(Therefore do I write out this narrative for thy use, that thou mayst hasten the end.)

'SECOND: Thou wilt be a fatalist, for that is required to complete the sacrifice.

'THIRD: Fate will guide thee to the possession of this that I write, and the cipher will be as nothing to thine eyes.

'Therefore do I cloak this thing, that no curious one may chance upon it. Perchance in thy day (as is not impossible) an antidote shall be found, and the thing be made harmless.

'I shall devote my days to the framing of this potent instrument of death, into a comely present testimony to the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the only God.

'Farther: when it is done, and the bitterness shall come upon thee, turn unto God. When the head throbs, and the pulse beats wild, and the hand is eager with a thrust to end all forever, pray. Be thou patient, be thou fortified; for in the strong will is the true glory of manhood.

'Let also the rich augury of the master, that thou art chosen an expiatory sacrifice, the offering up of whom shall forever end the thing, console thee. For it is whispered unto me, that in thy day men shall no longer despair.

'O my son! dear to me from a kindred wo, God have mercy on thee. Amen, and amen.'

Then followed the Latin inscription, and therewith ended the narrative of Abdallah — therewith terminated my Palimpsest.

My work was then done. Oh! would to God I could here end my narrative, making it simply the chronicle of a gratified curiosity! Yet I could not realize the thing in all its portentous grandeur. It was impossible for my mind, specially engrossed with the various steps of the process, so to generalize upon its magnificent continuity as to take in the horrible certainty of a result whose initial developments had been so accurately predicted. The individual phenomena had so interested me, that I failed to recognize the law inevitably deducible from their verification. I was a Pliny on Vesuvius, who, in studying the wondrous scorix, fatally neglected to guard against the molten flood that seethed beneath. How could this thing be? Was it not a dream, a fantasy, taking upon itself the shape of a hideous reality? Where was Science, that she had been so blind? Where was Fancy that she had not con-



ceived it? Where was God, that such a thing should exist? And could such a catenation of circumstances so dissimilar, so physically un-supposable in their individual selves, be at all possible? Finally, was there such an all-dooming destiny as these things proclaimed? Reason forbade the supposition. O thou fiendish Reason! from what sulphurous hell-vault didst thou come, still to tempt me on, on to the end, the death, the damnation! Curses eternal upon 'all thine impious proud-heart sophistries!' For that thou wert my bane, laying witheringly thy cold hand upon my happiness, do I curse thee, curse thee with a curse that shall cling to thee everlastingly!

Oh! yes, it was destiny, destiny! But thou wert destiny's instrument, saying to me with skeptic sneer: 'Thou wilt be then deceived by this old priest's mummeries, and accept as gospel truth all his insanest ravings about the stars and fate. *Thou*, who called thyself Philosopher.'

The measure of my curiosity was not therefore filled up. The last step in the process remained unverified. The last link of the chain was yet to be welded on.

And therefore, with half-framed purpose of trying it, I prepared the poison. It was easily made. I had a six-ounce vial full of it ready for use in two days. Yes; enough to slay a regiment of men quietly rested aneath that glass stopper. O God! why didst thou permit — why did not some sudden stroke of Thy merciful Providence smite me to death ere the wo came?

It was a dark-colored liquid, most resembling laudanum in every respect. I did not taste it, for there was danger even in a drop.

What then was to be done with it? Did I not combat thee, thou Reason, thou with unceasing infernal taunts? Did I not wrestle with thee, even as Jacob wrestled by night with the angel at the ford Jabbok: during six months did I not wrestle with thee unceasingly?

God in Heaven! I was vanquished!

There came to my house one night a wretched wayfarer of a beggar. Such a night it was, dark, wintry, storm-fraught, as usually comes companion of our woes. The man came in; and, while he told his tale of wretchedness, I studied his appearance. Dirty, ragged, miserable he certainly seemed; but through the dirt and the rags, I saw the brawn of the blacksmith. Wiry muscle, large bone, long limb, enormous chest — ah! enormous chest, arched, high, deep — such a chest! What a pair of lungs must be underneath that chest; competent to feed a forge, as that arm is to handle the sledge-hammer, or to turn the sails of a wind-mill.

'What a splendid subject for your experiment: a perfect test and *experimentum crucis* of your old monk's vaunted drug.' Avaunt, fiend! tempt me not!

'But see! watch him now, as he stands by the fire warming himself, with his arm resting upon the mantel: is that your watch that lies there, so near to his fingers? Notice him: how cupidity

inflames his eye; how he glances warily toward you; how his hand slides along, along: look at your book now for a moment—a moment longer, while he still talks on in his whining tone. His eyes observe you: there, now look up: the watch is gone! The wretch repays your kindness by robbing you. To the experiment: you'll do no harm!

What a struggle it was!

'I must go now, Sir, havin' a long tramp afore me; with many thanks for your kindness; and may the good LORD ——'

'Stop!' cried I, starting to my feet, with burning eye-balls and wild throbbing head. 'Stop! you will take—take—something—wa-warming before you go: the night is bitter.'

'Thankee, Sir: yes, Sir; but I'm in a great hurry, if you please, Sir,' whined he in his confounded tones.

'In a moment.'

It was but a step; the next room, and the door open; hardly a thought's flight: *the six-ounce vial labelled 'Laudanum';* thirty drops only—the largest dose—a warm punch brewed, and—I gave him the glass! He raised it to his lips like an amateur: 'Your health, Sir,' drank it down, smacked his lips, and—was gone! Ay, gone! and yet he was a murdered man—the intent; gone, while I closed my eyes, to shut out of sight the deed I was doing. Gone, gone: where to? O my God! call him back: quick! to the door! 'Ho, there! for the love of God and your life, come back!' With a stentor laugh from those bellows lungs, he runs on the faster. He had taken the watch!

It is not my province to paint the bitter remorse that followed this deed of mine. I know not how far culpable I was; for at this time, I will not pretend to say how far I was then convinced of the genuineness of the poison. If I may judge the extent of my guilt by the completeness of my punishment, I should pronounce with infinitely greater severity than ever mortal pronounced upon crime. But it is an impertinent spirit of casuistry only that calls up these perplexities; for, behold, the expiation has been made. I had done wrong; and, 'as I measured, so was it meted out to me,' is as good a solution as any. At any rate,

— THE Storm-Blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong.

I TREMBLE even now, as I am about to put the last act of this my drama upon the stage, though its culminating period, in the original representation, dates four years back. It is part of my punishment that Time, the general Pain-Killer, has wiped away from my mind none of the vividness of recollection, has mellowed not any hue, nor softened any line of those stern events. The pervading morbidness of my character, has given each day sharper

point to the cause of my anguish, made me each day tenderer to its fierce contact. As disease riots in its ripeness through my frame, the ever-recurring blows of an anguished recollection fall upon chords more susceptible to jar and harshness, readier to vibrate with intensest agony, and shriller each day in the key-note of their woful strophes. Nor will opiates relieve me; for the reflux of dream brings back the actual past in such spectral vastness and horrid amplification, that I am glad to awaken again to the less frightful reality. I am conscious of a rapid decay. Even since I begun this brief narrative, my powers have failed me, and what was at first continuous, can only be kept up now at intervals, and with a sad distance between intention and performance. I am warned, and must hasten.

I may say, that at the end of six months I had forgotten the beggar, and the haunting terror of the mortal harm I had done him, though, in strictness, he was but for a time supplanted, as when a friend sits in the lap of the spectral skeleton who visits you, and, by the act of contrast, banishes him. For, in that time, a culminating happiness rose sun-like over the shadowy phantom, so that I saw it not. In the full life, blush, and glow of my June, I forgot November. Huldbrand saw not Kùleborn, for Undine was with him. In the June actually following that actual November, I brought in my Penates, and made of my cottage a home. After a brief season of rose-hued courtship — to drop metaphor — I married the woman of my choice, and the sun-shine of love beamed in rich and calm effulgence into my heart. Irene! thy name, dear one, was symbol of peace; and peace was thy gift, the office of thy ministration. Peace, peace, brief yet full; temporal, yet gloriously perfect. The daughter of an humble minister, she had grown up in the seclusion of an intelligent home-circle, a 'perfect woman;' and when by chance I met her, she struck me as the prime ideal of manhood's mature dream. O thou angel! in thy grace and beauty thou wert, as they named thee, of a surety — Irene!

I dare not linger to think. I cannot say with the poet:

'But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies; •  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.'

For woes with me, being dwelt on, acquire keenness and polish to pierce yet deeper, and more searchingly to bare the sore spot to the agony-gifted air. O Irene, Irene! when thou wentest forth thou didst take thy name with thee!

We were married, and I took her, my cherished idol, to my home. What of great happiness was mine during the first year of our union, I shall not speak of: I was content. But the year rolled by: it was my 'height of noon;' and, without the waning even, the twilight, the gradual softening of sunshine into shade, black mid-night came sudden upon the 'garish

day? Scarce had the second year travelled through half its course, ay, even just as 'drear November' crept on the yellow autumn — the second November from that hour of my crime — I noticed my wife much troubled with a cough. This had continued but a brief fortnight, when it was followed by a hemorrhage from the lungs. The doctor — you, dear B —, who will first read this — pronounced her disease consumption, incurable, most rapid. You saw my despair, you thought. You saw it not! You knew not one infinitesimal fragment of its profundity. Eternal, inscrutable Providence! how shall I interpret thy decrees? Shall I think that *lex talionis* is the law of THINE infinite wisdom, as it is of man's narrow, passionate impulse?

Enough: I hurry on. I *am hurried on* by an arid simoon-blast, that scorches me if I falter but a moment.

I sought my poison, with a half-determination of administering it, however perilous was the experiment, in its alleviative form, should other resorts fail.

Bear with me, reader — I have suffered: the recollection of how much, half-crazes me, even now. *The bottle was gone!* How I put down the ghastly horror that seized me, steeled myself into calmness, assumed a smile, I know not; but I did all this, and sought my wife, as she lay coughing upon a sofa in our bed-room.

'Irene, what have you done with the bottle of laudanum you asked me for a couple of weeks ago?'

'It is there, upon the mantel.'

Yes, without a doubt, there it was! I looked at it, the dark brown liquid resting so innocently aneath the glass stopper. There it was: there, there; yet Reason said, It can do no harm! I tell thee 't was not a thing: it was a devil that had cajoled me, and was now devouring me. What! hath not the fiend power of multitudinous metamorphosis? Then is his function of tempter but a name, a sinecure, not an office. Yes: there it was.

'Irene! did you use any of it? did you take it — swallow it, I mean?'

'Yes: I gave the baby three drops, to quiet him, he was in so much pain, and took some myself for the tooth-ache, as the doctor told me to do.'

'You do not want it any more?'

'Not just now.'

My God! no! for thou hast had enough, and more than enough, poor rat, nibbling at the bane that was meant for — ay, meant for *thee too*; that being its office, to destroy, to 'kiss all beautiful, unsuspecting ones with its 'cancerous kisses,' even unto death inevitable.' And thou, too, little one; even thou, slumbering in thy cradle, wert not spared; for thou wert 'first-born,' and the sprinkling hyssop had set no token over the threshold.

I took the vial in my hand, and returned to my study.

The blow had fallen.

Wo absolute, unconditional; misery eternal, whence there was

no escape, of which there was no mitigation; utter, final, perpetual banishment from the paradise of my joys into a dark abyss of desolation, inexorable, decreed; hell of the inner circle, of the lowest depth, with never a drop of Lethe water for my tongue; a fiat gone forth of the Interminable Wisdom, dooming me everlastingly. All this I comprehended in that blow, and fell before it, crushed by the weight of my ruin. I could not shriek out, or cry aloud; my agony was too deadening. Congealed with horror I lay upon the floor, silent under a load of woes, each one of which, 'so many and so huge, would ask a life to wail.' It was the benumbing agony of one buried alive, that cannot call out and be saved.

O man! how singular and perverse art thou in thy attributes! Why wilt thou clutch so eagerly, cling so fondly to thy little meed of happiness, that, at any moment, may perish before thy face? Why dost thou ever build thy fair domains upon the perishable sands, and cast about for an eternity of real benefaction, which is but pictured upon the mutable clouds? O thou foolish one! ever dost thou embark in one slight hull all thine high-wrought hopes, all the wide expanse of thine impassioned expectation, thy wealth of life, thy life itself, that the quick-coming blast may overturn and merge, wrecked, in the abyss forever! Ever dost thou, O immortal Error! having formed a bright paradise, wherein whisper angels and cluster hopes like flowers in spring, wherein abide all that thou hast of past and of prospect, of bloom and of glow, of sunny beauty and fantastic divine things — ever dost thou then be made therefrom an exile, an alien eternally! Thou art ever the child, which, when he hath laden his paper bark with every pleasurable toy, doth thrust it out into the stream forever, as the dusk mother by Ganges setteth her first-born afloat to perish, and returneth nevermore to smile.

While I lay thus prostrate, there came to me a vision of one dying, wasted by long disease. The scene took upon itself the semblance of a hospital ward-room, where were many sick, groaning and complaining, fevered and weary. One only form was there for me, however: the form of a man, the shell of a man who had once possessed the brawn of a blacksmith. There were the long limbs, large-boned, over which the wasted flesh was now but sparingly bestowed. Wiry muscle was not there — had long fled: dirt and rags were not there: the man had been purified in form and in spirit too, to judge from the tempered flicker of the eye. Thank God for that! But the man was *there*, and for that reason, I knew, had I found the six-ounce vial, labelled '*Laudanum*,' where I *had* found it. For the enormous chest, arched, high, deep, was no longer as of old; but a hollow, rattling, shrunken chest, from under which but a faint and painful breath could be drawn out of those bel-lows lungs, and the Stentor voice was feeble as, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,' like a sick girl.' No wind-mill, anvil power was there; but only power to cough, and to feed itself with gruel, being raised up.

'Thou art the man!'

O Heaven ! save me from that cry, that chorus of the furies !  
It was Abel's blood crying out from the earth, ever, ever, ever :  
'Thou art the man !'

Ay, I knew it. I had done *that*, and therefore, 'Behold this !  
For, as the one was thy deed, so shall the other be thy deed — *thy*  
deed, man : not God's, but thine, thine, thine !'

Power fails me to paint even the quality of my suffering. How long I lay there I do not know. Thanks be to God, I was at length aroused, and in the most salutary manner, by the calling voice of my wife. I mechanically told her I would shortly be with her. Then I resolved to crush down my grief, so that it might not give her pain. A fearful effort it cost, but I succeeded. Recognizing my vision not as a dream, but as a reality, which space had been annihilated to enable me to witness, I bowed my head to the fate it betokened ; and, seeing that it was inevitable, made it endurable.

I will not prolong the recital. In less than two weeks, our child died ; and this blow, combined with the disease, made my Irene sink so rapidly, that the doctor assured me she would not survive two weeks. You will remember, dear B —, and pardon the wild fierceness with which I contradicted your assertion, saying that she would live a year and more. In fine, I saw that no other means could avail, so I gave her the alleviative dose prescribed by Abdallah, and which, I was persuaded, had been efficient in the case of him who haunts me. You will recall, dear friend, how instantaneously she seemed to improve, to recover ; so that you were disposed to doubt your own judgment in regard to the nature of the case. But there was no elysium of a doubt permitted to me, poor doomed one. I had proven all too certainly, and at too high soul-cost, to be able so to do.

She lived a year, during which —

Well, I will not dwell on it. I must hasten, hasten, for the pulse is nearly gone.

Before Irene died, a day or two, when she was calm, and suffered little, when bright hopes of the future had enrayed the gloomy present, I ventured to tell her all, from the first, and she forgave me. Yes : with a blessed forgiveness, that has since been the one ray on a path of mid-night ; not only forgave me, but by a cheerful acquiescence in my fatalism, seemed to relieve me from blame.

What surpasseth the love of a woman !

She died in my arms, her expiating breath murmuring a prayer for her murderer !

You guess the sequel. Dare you blame me ? Was I criminal in resorting to that fate-fraught vial, with determination to suffer all that *they* had suffered, and in all things to make *their* sad ordeal *my* stern rule ?

Had I been as I am now, I mean in regard to spiritual impressions, and knowledge of ethical duties, I might have —



NOTE. — As the province of fiction is the *probable*, either of the end sought, or of the means toward that end, all that is needed to vindicate the *theory* of the 'Palimpsest' is the establishment of the *likelihood* of such a poison as is therein mentioned. This can be readily accomplished, for all through the ancient annals we find mention of secret poisoning. Setting aside the more modern and well-known case of the Marchioness DE BRINVILLIERS, and also that of the Roman woman TOPHANIA and her deadly 'Manna of Saint NICHOLAS of Bari,' we need only refer to the accounts handed down to us of the BORGHIAS to see the perfection to which the art of poisoning has been carried.

But it was among the older nations of the earth that the knowledge of *slow* poison was most horribly prevalent. And these poisons were the more deadly because composed almost entirely of vegetable or animal substances, thus transcending modern infamy, which has to rely upon the easily detected mineral poisons, or such vegetable substances as produce unmistakable symptoms. KALM, in his travels, mentions a plant, the name of which he refuses to give, from which, he says, the American Indians prepare a slow poison, which causes death by a *lingering consumption* after the expiration of years. In PLUTARCH's life of ARATOS we find the death of that Achaean general attributed to a like cause. PHILIP of Macedon desired PHAURION, one of his friends, to have him taken off in a private manner. 'That officer, accordingly, having formed an acquaintance with him, gave him a dose, *not of a sharp or violent kind, but such a one as causes lingering heats and a slight cough, and gradually brings the body to decay.*' Connected with this account, PLUTARCH makes especial mention of *spitting of blood* as a prominent symptom.

QUINTILIAN (*Declamat.*, xvii. 11.) speaks of a poison of similar effects in such language, that it is evident its uses were well known in his time. Again, THEOPHRASTUS (*Hist. Plant.*, ix. c. 16) writes thus: 'They say a poison can be prepared from aconite so as to occasion death *within a certain period, such as two, three, or six months, a year, and even sometimes two years.* . . . No remedy has been found out for this poison.' He also speaks of one THRASYAS, a native of Mantinea in Arcadia, and a famous botanist, who could prepare a poison from certain herbs which, given in doses of a drachm, produced death in a certain but easy and painless manner, *the effects of which poison could be delayed for an indefinite period.*

'This poison,' says the learned BECKMAN, 'was much used at Rome, about two hundred years before the Christian era.' (*Vide LIVY*, lib. viii. c. 18.) It was by such a poison that SEJANUS made way with DRUSUS: 'Igitur SEJANUS, maturandum ratus, *deligit venenum, quo paulatim inrepente, fortuitus morbus adsimularetur*: id Druso datum per Lygdum spadonem, ut octo post annos cognitum est.' (*TACITI Annalium*, lib. iv. c. 8.) Such a poison did AGRIPPINA cause LOCUSTA to prepare for CLAUDIUS; but so great was her impatience, that she changed it into one more active. This LOCUSTA (who, expert as she was, the satirist says was excelled by the Roman matrons:

'INSTITUITQUE rudes *melior* LOCUSTA propinquas  
Per famum et populum nigros effere maritos.—JUVENAL, Sat. i. 70:)

also prepared the poison with which NERO slew BRITANNICUS. The poison which the Carthaginians administered to REGULUS, is supposed to have been one of a similar character with that of THRASYAS. We read in Avicenna, that the Egyptian kings made frequent use of slow poison. (*De viribus Cordis.*)

A peculiar circumstance connected with these poisons is, that they were all of a vegetable or animal nature. Many were compounded from aconite, hemlock, or poppy. The most remarkable animal poison, was that extracted from the sea-hare, (*lepus marinus*), of which we find numerous accounts in ancient writers, particularly DIOSCORIDES, GALEN, PLINY, ÆLIAN, and NICANDER. Modern science has only begun to reveal the terrible capacities of the vegetable kingdom in the undetected destruction of human life; and it is probable that the empirical inventions of Eastern pharmacists and herb-doctors is still far in advance of authentic science, so far as regards the specific effects of herb-decoctions and extracts, upon the animal economy. E. S.

June, 1858.



## THE BOATMAN OF WHITEHALL.

## I.

## THE RIVALS.

OH! many a boat may cleave the bay,  
And many an oar may rise and fall,  
But none can match the sturdy stroke  
Of BEN the Boatman of Whitehall.

His skin is as the autumn brown,  
Through which there shows a struggling red,  
And chestnut locks, that curl like vines,  
Weave glossy garlands round his head.

There is no fear within his eyes,  
No secrets underlie his lips:  
The thoughts within his soul are plain  
As on the sea the sailing ships.

And he's to me the fairest lad  
That ever bent to bending oar:  
And I to him the dearest maid  
That ever trod the Jersey shore.

For one slow-footed summer's eve,  
Upon Weehawken's splintered crest,  
When shadows crawled across the bay,  
And the great sun sailed down the west,

He swore to me eternal love,  
And I to him eternal truth,  
Till by the light of early stars  
We sealed the warranty of youth.

I had my pet—my father his,  
A jaunty youth called WILLY MORE:  
Soft-voiced, smooth-skinned, and daudified,  
He yet could pull a dainty oar.

So WILLY MORE came wooing me,  
With rings and chains and scented locks,  
And talked my poor old father round  
With mortgage-bonds and rail-road stocks.

And then to me he'd prate and prate  
Town-talk, how idle and absurd!  
Of balls to which he had not been,  
And operas I had never heard.

What cared I for his city airs,  
His honeyed speech, his stocks and lands;  
BEN wealthier seemed in truth and love,  
Although he sued with empty hands.

Thus, 'twixt my father and myself,  
 There blew a gale of constant strife;  
 He favored WILLY, while I vowed  
 That none but BEN should call me wife.

So steadily the struggle ran,  
 Until one day, to my surprise,  
 My father, as if wearied out,  
 Offered the strangest compromise :

'WILLY and BEN,' the old man said,  
 'Were the best oarsmen in the bay,  
 Let them be matched, the victor one  
 To bear the prize (myself) away.'

'T was settled. MORE took up the gage,  
 And smiled as if he held success;  
 While I, whose all in life was staked,  
 Went trembling for my happiness.

## II.

### THE RACE.

Oh! brightly rose the summer's sun  
 Above the blue horizon's brink,  
 And tipped with gold the cedar crests  
 That crown the hills of Neversink.

And many a boat went down the bay,  
 With coxswain keen and oarsmen tall,  
 To see the race 'twixt Dandy MORE  
 And BEN the Boatman of Whitehall.

As in and out between the throng  
 Of flitting skiffs BEN pulled his boat,  
 While now and then a snatch of song  
 Came bubbling from his brawny throat;

He looked so full of youthful power,  
 Such manly sweep was in his oar,  
 That sudden peace fell on my soul,  
 And I was cheered, and sighed no more.

That arm, thought I, can never flag,  
 That heart can never know disgrace:  
 The light of coming conquest shines  
 In the brown glory of his face.

And I already seem to hear  
 The ringing thunder of the cheers,  
 As far ahead, his gallant boat  
 Hard by the winning-post he steers;

And seem to hear him panting say,  
 While in his quivering arms I lie:  
 'O Life! O Love! No happier lad  
 Breathes on God's earth this day than I!'

The word was given, and BEN and WILL  
Rowed slowly to the starting-place:  
I could not look, but kept my eyes  
Fixed on my father's stern-set face.

And as I gazed, there seemed to crawl  
A sudden darkness over me;  
And hope sank — as the shotted corpse  
Sinks in the unrestoring sea.

The word was given: I closed my eyes:  
A thousand voices yelled, 'Away!'  
The thudding of a thousand oars  
Went dully rolling up the bay.

'They're off!' 'He gains!' 'Who gains?' 'Why, WILL!'  
'No, BEN!' 'Hurrah! well done, well done!'  
'Good Boy!' See, BEN's ahead — brave BEN!  
'I'll back the lad at ten to one!'

So round me rolled a bubbling hum  
Of broken speech. What right had they  
To speak at all, when I, BEN's love,  
In agony and silence lay?

But high above that meddling din,  
I heard a sound that fainter grew;  
A sound of oars in measured fall,  
A music that my spirit knew.

And then I prayed, oh! how I prayed!  
Forgive me, God, if earthly love  
Freighted the hurried messengers  
I sent that day to THEE above.

The hot, kind tears unsealed my eyes:  
At first all sense of vision fled:  
At last I saw: the boats were round,  
And — horror! — WILLY was ahead!

Ahead! ahead! on, on they came,  
With bending backs and bending oars;  
Already WILLY's comrades shook  
With cheer on cheer the echoing shores.

On, on they came; a length between  
Their boats that, hissing, cut the sea:  
Is this the way my prayer was heard?  
O BEN! one stroke for life — for me!

They near the goal — one minute more,  
And WILLY wins — and I am lost!  
One minute more: O BEN! give way!  
Pull, though your life should pay the cost.

I breathe not: would I never breathed!  
I — ah! what's that? A snap, a cry!  
Oar broken! Whose? Not BEN's? No, WILL's!  
Joy! BEN, brave BEN shoots, victor, by!

If joy could kill, then I had died,  
 When on BEN's brow I laid my lips,  
 And heard him swear he prouder was  
 Than if he owned a hundred ships.

And I so happy was, I smiled  
 Even on sullen Dandy MORE:  
 The fool who would have broke my heart;  
 But only broke, instead, an oar.

Was this the end? Ah! no! though all  
 That youthful fire has fled away;  
 Though BEN no longer tugs the oar,  
 And in my hair are threads of gray;

The poem of our wedded life  
 Might still in sweeter numbers fall  
 Than e'en the tale, how I was won  
 By BEN the Boatman of Whitehall!

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## S O M E T H I N G   A B O U T   W I N E .

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BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

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'Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.'

SHAKSPERE.

'And wine that maketh glad the heart of man.' — PSALM CIV.

THE extraordinary revelations of chemistry, which indicate the mineral nutriment of animal life obtained through plants, have no illustration so delicate and marvellous as that of the grape. That magnesia is a constituent of oats, and was made by a speculative Scot to account for the local genius of his nation fed on oat-cake; that the phosphorus abounding in fish is a cerebral stimulant, whence a minute philosopher might infer the frequent coincidence of piscatorial and meditative tastes; are facts of physiological science curious indeed, but not so refined and complex marvels as may be found in those exquisite distillations of the soil conserved in a grape-skin. When it is remembered how the peculiar flavor, strength, and quality of wine is identified with distinct parts of the globe, derived from special traits of soil, season, and atmosphere; and how, through ages, this individuality has remained intact, we realize the aristocracy of vegetable race, the law of blood in the vine. Grains, grasses, and fruit-trees — the commonalty of agriculture — are reproduced identical in various countries. The French *émigré* tastes the pear of his native province in an orchard of New-England; the Italian finds in the aboriginal

maize of this continent the '*gran Turco*' of Lombardy; and Clinton discovered in a wild cereal of Western New-York, a farinaceous product indigenous on the shores of the Caspian. But there are varieties of the grape, not only confined to a certain latitude or island, but to a few acres of favored earth, whose qualities alone, by an inscrutable and inimitable combination of elements, produce an unique vinous result.

Sometimes a world-wide fame and value, as in the case of Madeira and Champagne, and Chateau Margaux, is the evidence of this local superiority and character; and in others, the merit is known only to a neighborhood, and the privilege monopolized by a single family. The famous poem of '*Bacchus in Tuscany*' celebrates two villas thus favored:

'Ma lodato  
Celebrato  
Coronato  
Sia Peroe, che nelle vigne  
Di Petraja e di Castello  
Pianti prima il Moscadello.'

In volcanic countries, these isolated gems of vine-yards are of frequent occurrence; and their secret treasure guarded with jealous care. Out of Sicily, the wine universally known as the characteristic product of that fertile island is Marsala: only the long resident, or favored traveller is aware that a small fraternity of monks boast a row of vines springing from a few roods of decomposed lava, which yield annually fifty gallons of a nectar, which seems to unite the vital salubrity of Etna's salts with the prolific glow of her hidden fires and the cool purity of her virgin snow; these varied elements, 'so mixed' into a rich yet delicate vintage, that no one who has shared can ever forget the special flavor of the hospitality enjoyed at the convent of San Placido. The Garonne's rushing tributaries have, during centuries, brought from the Pyrenees deposits that form a soil whence spring some of the choicest wines; so hard is it two or three feet beneath, that it must be broken before the vines will grow; and the best Medoc is born on a pebbly ground of quartz; the vine, indeed, requires what is called stony soil, because it is more retentive of heat by night.

There is an analogy between the customary beverage and the character of a people, which suggests many philosophical inferences. All travellers have noted the infrequency of ebriety, and the cheerful, vivacious disposition of the peasantry in wine countries; the social degradation incident to excess in alcoholic drinks, and the heavy dogmatism and stolid temper observable among the working-class of Great Britain, whose habitual drink is malt-liquor. There is an intimate relation between German metaphysics and beer. 'It is little wonder,' says an acute writer, 'that the German nation should remain subject to the rule of thirty-six petty tyrants, when, in fact, beer, by its properties, destroys all fine distinctions, and its habitual use grinds the edge from our cri-

tical faculties.' But there is also a singular adaptation in these to the climate. Englishmen who daily imbibe their 'Brown Stout' with impunity at home, find it productive of vertigo and plethora in the United States, where the sun-shine and alternations of temperature develop such a degree of nervous excitability, as to make solid stimulants unwholesome. In Russia, a man exposed to the elements, and accustomed to labor, would find claret an ineffective substitute for brandy. The latter is seldom palatable in Southern Europe, except in the diminutive cordial-glass, and after a meal; while the common wine, all things being equal, produces a glow and exhilaration which only a water-drinker would realize in northern latitudes. We wonder, in France, how a glass of old Madeira could have ever seemed otherwise than fiery; and, while amid the fogs of London, Port has the taste of a seasonable restorative, in Italy its body and warmth are oppressive and heating. It needs an ascent of the Highlands and a Scotch mist, or a January night in America, to develop the innate virtue of 'Mountain Dew. Orvieto tastes flat away from Rome, and *Vino d'Asti* is a homely draught, except in the temperate latitude of Lombardy. Old Rum, we are assured by Creole planters, can never be fully appreciated except in the West-Indies; and to duly estimate the excellence of *Schnapps*, one should be in Java or Holland. This sense of the appropriate in dietetics is felt when we first imbibe wine in the country of its growth. Panting with the ascent of Vesuvius, we subscribe heartily to the extravagant laudation of *Lachryma-Christi*:

'WHAT undiscerning clown was he  
 Who first applied that doleful name,  
 A bugbear to good companie,  
 To wine which warms the heart like flame?  
 A smile were fitter word than tear  
 For what our generous grapes give here.'

Dining at Bordeaux, we respond to the inspiration of her vintages; gazing on the picturesque scenery of Heidelberg, we think Rhenish the best of vinous entertainment; the saccharine Malaga and Muscatel are delicious in Spain, and the strength of Sherry is a happy medium to brain and nerves at Cadiz. Tokay has its imperial sway undisputed in Hungary; and Sitka, if our explorers are to be credited, is the best of toddies at Japan. The relish of wines especially is dependent upon time and place; they seem to have a local and untranslatable virtue, except in those species which, from inherent power, improve, like great souls, by transit and range. It adds to the mellow rareness of the strong wines, as it does to the manly energy of the generous seaman, to 'double the Cape;' but the more delicate varieties, like the graces of feminine character, keep and impart their choicest zest in the atmosphere of home.

In the history of modern reforms, should such a work be ever written by a philosopher, no chapter will yield more remarkable facts than that devoted to Temperance. The reaction inevitable



to all social revolutions and extremes of opinion, now throws an apathetic spell over the subject: but the simultaneous crusade against stimulating drinks undertaken in England and America; the means resorted to; the eloquence and the treasure; the banded fraternities and the single apostles; the tragic confessions and the extraordinary reformatations; the intensity of the public zeal and the abnegation of private rights of judgment and action, which were dedicated to this movement, have no parallel in the social annals of modern civilization. Probably the extent and demoralization of intemperance in the use of alcohol, were not exaggerated by the most fiery advocates of this reform; probably the most ultra measures adopted were requisite to the moral exigency; and doubtless a radical and permanent good has been effected. The spectacle of domestic misery and personal degradation incident to this vice, once so common, is now comparatively rare; a better habit has been initiated, and a more healthy public sentiment established; so that, although the statistics of intemperance are and will be appalling, the evils—moral, physical, social, and individual—are as clearly defined, and as generally recognized, as those of war, pestilence, improvidence, or any other human misery. The insidious nature of this scourge has been disclosed, the warning has been proclaimed, and society awakened thoroughly to the perception and consciousness of a foe which once desolated its ranks, unchallenged and unopposed, save by isolated and ineffective protest.

The grand primary fact to be recognized by the philosopher, is that instinctive love of excitement, based on the very laws of human organization, whereby the nerves and brain are susceptible of an exhilaration that intensifies and sometimes absorbs consciousness, wraps the intellectual in exalted dreams, bathes the voluptuous in pleasurable sensations, and fills the ignorant and debased with animal complacency. And the next consideration is, the degradation and brutalization incident to the habitual indulgence of this possibility. Brain, appetite, and reason, to say nothing of conscience and religion, have a subtle battle, and one the issue of which, experience proves, cannot be foretold from the comparative intelligence or will of individuals. Perhaps no temptation has excited so little sympathy, from the fact that it is so modified, both in degree and frequency, by peculiarities of constitution and of consciousness. When such a man as Robert Hall descends from the pulpit, which his pious eloquence has made a holy throne to millions, to eagerly seek the relief which tobacco and laudanum afford to corporeal anguish; when such a vivid intelligence as kindled the brain of Heine was voluntarily clouded by narcotics, as a respite from nervous torment; and the sensibility of Charles Lamb, which trembled on the verge of sanity, made the artificial excitement of alcohol a welcome though dreaded resource, we can scarcely wonder that the unfurnished mind of a Japanese should yield to the feverish charm of his rice-distillation; the limited understanding of a Chinaman dwindle to imbecility amid the sedative vapor of

opium; the American Indian forget his woes in fire-water; and the idler in the gardens of Damascus fall an unresisting victim to the enchantments of Hasheesh. Ignorant, care-worn, anxious, disappointed humanity, so often quelled by the fragile temple it inhabits, or baffled by unrecognized aspirations, corrosive want, vain sacrifice — isolated, weary, discouraged, unbelieving, hopeless — how natural, while imprisoned in blind instinct, unsustained by faith, wisdom, or love, that it should rush to the most available delusion and the nearest Lethe!

The woes of Intemperance have been said and sung; but the graces and the blessings of Temperance have yet to be appreciated in northern lands. Science gradually but surely lights up the arcanas of social economy; she vindicates the use, while reproaching the abuse of whatever created thing is obviously related to human wants and welfare.

The author of 'Margaret,' that most authentic and profound, as well as best illustrated story of New-England primitive life, attributes the prevalence of intemperance among the descendants of the Puritans, to the lack of amusements, gross physical being substituted, according to the law of compensation, for harmless and intellectual or artistic recreation; and in confirmation of this theory, in the exact ratio that music, painting, the lyceum, the theatre, the dance, regatta, horsemanship, rural taste, and other enjoyments, once sternly proscribed, have been cultivated, addiction to intoxicating liquors has become less a social habit. The once universal punch-bowl at noon, sitting over wine after dinner, and array of decanters at funerals, have grown obsolete; light wines have taken the place of strong potations, a delicate flavor is appreciated beyond alcoholic strength; excess is deemed not less vulgar than immoral; taste in beverage is as potent as in art and dress; and the tippler is ostracised from good society.

On the other hand, the fanaticism of temperance has chilled the glow of hospitality, and checked the frankness of intercourse; if there is less conviviality, there is more calculation, avarice holds Carnival where appetite keeps Lent; colic instead of inebriety is the penance of festivals, cynicism too often is the substitute for headache; and instead of 'sermons and soda-water,' as the antidote for indulgence, there is wanted charity and fellowship to hallow the banquet.

There is no greater fallacy than the popular notion which identifies wine and animal spirits. The cordial that reinvigorates the exhausted frame and cheers the fainting heart, when neither are in need of such artificial refreshment, confirms rather than changes the existent mood; melancholy grows deeper, irritation is aggravated, and heaviness increased, by more heat in the blood, and excitement to the nerves already over-burdened by moral depression. All the praise of wine is involved in conditions: only to the temperate is it a genial stimulant. The man unfamiliar with the remedy most certainly responds to its application. They who, like the hale, faithful servitor in '*As You Like It*,' have not in

youth habitually known 'hot and rebellious liquors,' feel the sanative power of which they are capable, in the prostration of fever, or the loss of vital energy through exposure, fatigue, and infirmity. Ale and apoplexy, port and gout, cider and rheumatism, punch and bile, have an intimate relation. Yet we are assured, that in the cities of the Rhine, the apothecaries have a poor business, because of the wine—there a general commodity; and in point of physical development, the bravest knights and monks of old, who achieved wonders with muscle and brain, that make us their everlasting debtors; and the prosperous English of to-day, excel the average of the race, by virtue of alternate exercise of their vital force, and its sustainment by generous viands and draughts. The oracles of Temperance, when they bade men swear to taste only water, and, as in the case of seventy Boston physicians, signed a declaration, that the use of stimulants *invariably* led to increase in quantity, and was *never otherwise* than an injury to health, exceeded their commission and mis-stated the science of life. French people, from childhood to age, are content with their *petit verre* of *eau de vie* after the *demi-tasse* of coffee which closes the dinner; and to reach intoxication, an amount of the common wine of countries where the grape is a harvest must be drunk, at which the capacity of the stomach revolts. Beer and pipes are said to have obfuscated the modern German brain; yet the parsons meet in the public gardens, and without conscious wrong, empty their frugal glasses and send abroad lusty whiffs, with a quiet zest that disarms theological strife; and the artists in Italy eke out their economical repast with *un poco de vino*, as free from any sign of unspiritual hardihood, as the peasant over his coarse bread, or the dowager at her tea. The gin-palace in London, and the drinking-saloon in New-York, tell quite a different story: abuse and use, motive and act, the individual and the indulgence, are only confounded by the bigot and the fanatic; and the idiosyncrasy which leads a few, through the mere taste of a drug or a drink, to rush into intoxication, is no more a precedent for mankind than the recoil from water in the victim of hydrophobia. Any natural appetite may become morbid, and the most unrecognized intemperance in America is that of eating, and unscrupulous gain and ambition.

All legitimate praise of wine, therefore, pre-supposes temperance. To the toper it is an impossible luxury; those refinements of palate, of nerve, of sensation and of sentiment, to which the quality, virtue, and significance of wine alone appeal, are incompatible with other than an unperverted body, and a discriminating taste: conditions impossible, not only to the intemperate, but to the hackneyed devotee of Bacchus. There is something manly and quaint, as well as eloquent, in the following defence of wine, by a late writer, classed by Emerson among the modern original minds of England:

'And if wine is good to drink, it need not be drunk on pretexts. Men have drunk it from the beginning for that which is the best and the worst of reasons — because they like it. 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man:' there lies the fortress of its usage. To the

wise, it is the adjunct of society; the launch of the mind from the care and hindrance of the day; the wheel of emotion; the preparator of inventive idea; the blandness of every sense obedient to the best impulses of the hours when labor is done. Its use is to deepen ease and pleasure on high-tides and at harvest-homes, when endurance is not required; for delight has important functions, and originates life, as it were, afresh from a childhood of sportive feeling, which must recur at seasons for the most of men, or motive itself would stop. A second use is to enable us to surmount seasons of physical and moral depression, and to keep up the life-mark to a constant level, influenced as little as possible by the circumstances of the hour. Also, to show to age by occasions, that its youth lies still within it, and may be found like a spring in a dry land, with the thyrsus for a divining-rod. A third use is, to soften us; to make us kinder than our reason, and more admmissive than our candor, and to enable us to begin larger sympathies and associations from a state in which the feelings are warm and plastic. A fourth use is, to save the resources of mental excitement by a succedaneous excitement of another kind, or to balance the animation of the soul by the animation of the body, so that life may be pleasant as well as profitable, and the pleasure be reckoned among the profits. A fifth use is, to stimulate thoughts, and to reveal men's powers to themselves and their fellows, for *in vino veritas*, and intimacy is born of the blood of the grape. But is it not unworthy of us to pour joy's aid from a decanter, or to count upon 'circumstances' for a delight which the soul alone should furnish? Oh! no; for by God's blessing, the world is a circumstance; our friends are circumstances; our wax-lights and gayeties likewise; and all these are stimuli, and touch the being within us; and where, then, is the limit to the application of Art and Nature to the soul? At least, however, our doctrine is dangerous; but then fire is dangerous, and love is dangerous, and life with its responsibilities, is very dangerous. All strong things are perils to one whose honor's path is over hair-breadth bridges and along giddy precipices. A sixth use is, to make the body more easily industrious in work-times. This is the test of temperance and the proof of the other uses. That wine is good for us which has no fumes, but which leaves us to sing over our daily labors with ruddier cheeks, purer feelings, and brighter eyes than water can bestow. The seventh use is, in this highest form of assimilation, to symbolize the highest form of communion, according to the Testament which our SAVIOUR left, and to stand on the altar as the representative of spiritual truth. All foods, as we have shown before, feed the soul, and this on the principles of a universal symbolism; this, then, is the highest use of bread and wine — to be taken and assimilated in the ever-new spirit of the kingdom of heaven.\*

From the stand-point of political economy, grape-culture is a vital interest; in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Madeira,

\* THE Human Body and its Connection with Man, illustrated by the Principal Organs. By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON.

and elsewhere, the 'vine-rot' and 'grape disease' are national calamities. Not only is wine the beverage of the peasant, and often its most nutritious element, but the cultivation of the vine and the manufacture of its fruit into wine, is their most profitable labor, while the income derived from its sale is the chief resource of the landed proprietors. In seventy-seven of the eighty-six French departments, the vine is cultivated; and in whole districts it is the sole dependence. It has been estimated that it forms one seventh part of the net product of the soil. A thousand million of francs has been computed as the result of the annual sale, in prosperous years, of the wines sold in France and abroad. During the last ten years a great diminution has occurred; the mysterious scourge, apparently unknown in ancient times, has bred a famine in many parts of Southern Europe. Every season in France and Hungary, along the Rhine; in Spain, Sicily, and Asia Minor; on the lower Moselle; in Wurtemberg, Baden, and Alsatia; throughout Italy; in Switzerland, the Canary Islands, Portugal, and on the Ohio, the prospects of the grape-crop are watched, discussed, and proclaimed as the most important economical interest of prince and peasant; and this the more anxiously, since the advent of the 'vegetable cholera,' as the vine-rot has been aptly called.

'The vine occupies two belts on the earth's surface, both of which lie in the warm regions of the temperate zones, the higher the latitude the more inclined to acidity is the grape, hence the difference between Sicilian and Rhenish; its strength is manifested by proximity to the equator, hence Madeira. In the fifth year only vineyards begin to produce. The must or juice ferments at 65° Fahrenheit; spontaneously abates, when clear and exhaling a vinous odor. Analysis discovers water, sugar, mucilage, tannin, tartrate of potash and of lime, phosphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, sulphate of potash. The saccharine principle, affinity with oxygen and tartar are predominant characteristics. The grape is susceptible of modification from quality of soil, exposure, inclination of ground, seasons, etc. The color of wine is derived from the skin of the grape; this and astringency and aroma identify the species. The ancients thought the vine should grow high upon trees, and the Greeks added salt-water to their wine.

In proportion as wine became a luxury and material of commerce, the best was exported, and adulteration increased, so that it is proverbial that there is no good Sherry in Spain. Burgundy produces the Constantium of the Cape. In England an inn-keeper was detected in an habitual process of manufacturing *impromptu* from two kinds, every variety of strong wines; and wine-tasting is a profession in France. The only way to secure even an average quality at Paris, is to obtain specimens from various dealers, under pretence of a large investment. One of the Düsseldorf painters made a famous picture of connoisseurs testing the contents of a wine-cellar. In France, 'God's Field' is a vineyard, in Germany a grave-yard. Wine, however, is of Eastern origin; its simplest form is the juice of the palm; hence the significance of the parable

in the New Testament: 'I am the vine,' etc. Pliny wrote its history; Virgil describes its culture; Horace glorifies its mellowed product in his beloved Falerian; and a more recent authority says:

'ONE drop of this  
Will bathe the drooping spirit in delight  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste!'

It has been asserted that of the four-score most generous wines, more than two-thirds were produced on the soil of Italy. The grape grew wild in Sicily, and brought no luxury to the savage inhabitants.

The sweet and dry sherries are the product of the same grape, although so diverse in color, odor, and taste; the process of manufacture is also the same. The causes which modify what is called natural Sherry, and make Amontillado, are mysterious. The secret is hidden in the course of fermentation; sometimes but a limited portion of the juice will be thus affected. What adds to the charm of the enigma is, that it is indicated by a fine vegetable fibre germinated after the wine is placed in casks, which bears a minute white flower, that soon dies and leaves behind this peculiar flavor.

Proved methods of grape-culture are now recorded in manuals; the choice of ground, pruning, manuring, staking, etc., are detailed by experienced writers; and then they declare, that 'to make good wine, you must catch Jean Raisin at the exact point of ripeness, concoct with celerity and decision, watch cask and bottle, and in short, go through a process, each step of which is clearly defined by science and custom.' Yet is there a secret in wine as in genius, 'beyond the reach of art.' Vintages, like stars, differ mysteriously from one another in glory. You may pass months at Troyes and keep vigil in the cellars where Champagne is fermented in darkness, or haunt the vineyards of Burgundy, and yet the sun and soil, the felicitous combination of agencies in nature's laboratory, which achieve a miracle of wine one year and a common-place product the next, shall baffle your insight. The vicissitudes of the wine-culture, all over the world, have indeed so multiplied, that it has been prophesied some familiar wines will become a tradition, and that new species and new latitudes must supply the demands of future generations. Dolorous for years have been the accounts of the grape-disease in Maderia, Spain, and France; and although the microscope has detected an insect origin, no effectual remedy has yet been devised against the blight.

'The first symptoms of it,' remarks an intelligent writer, 'were observed in England, on the warm coast of Margate, by Mr. Tucker, a gardener, after whom the disease is called 'oidium Tuckeri.' It is to be noted that the vine was first attacked in a country where the grape is not obtained without artificial means, by forced culture, and in warm situations where the moist and mild temperature prevails, described by Pliny. Human art is sometimes punished for having forced nature to produce what she does not give spontaneously. At first this phenomenon was only



an object of curiosity. Rev. Mr. Berkeley, a learned botanist, studied this particular affection of the vine, marked its characteristics, and gave a faithful description of it.

‘Soon proceeding from the coast of Margate, the evil spread into other countries. The atoms or small weeds of this parasite and destructive vegetable, borne by the winds, crossed the sea in 1847, and the oidium was found in the neighborhood of Paris. In 1848 the disease began to extend to Versailles, to Suresnes, in Belgium, and elsewhere. But our Southern provinces were still spared. In France, as in England, the scourge first appeared in warm spots, and in green-houses, and not where the grape ripened in the open field. Is not this a proof that the vine-rot would have been avoided, if man had not tried to force the natural products of the ground ?

‘In 1851 the evil increased prodigiously, and awakened proper anxiety. Many vine-growers, reduced to extremities, had to abandon their fields, which were become unproductive, and resort to other occupations for subsistence. The Bishop of Montpellier and other prelates ordered public prayers in the churches of their dioceses, to supplicate the LORD to stay the calamity. Agricultural societies, seconded by the French, German, and Italian governments, appointed committees to inquire into the state of the vines, the cause of the disease, and the measures proper to stop it. But human knowledge, alas ! was found here, as elsewhere, to be limited.

‘The marks of the disease are every where the same. The leaves and grapes are suddenly covered with small fibres, of a pale white color ; a sort of vegetable or mushroom which creeps to the surface, attacks and surrounds the skin of the fruit. Soon the grape becomes black, wilts, dies, and drops off. The same with the leaves, which become yellow or brown, and fall off. The twig even is attacked, and becomes dry.

‘Different causes are assigned for this evil. The peasants, ever inclined to superstition, attribute it to the progress of science, and fancy that the air has been corrupted by the steam engine in railroad cars and manufactories ! for the vine is not affected in countries where there are no rail-roads. Others pretend that the disease is an *organic* weakness, a *degeneracy*, as if the plants which are constantly renewed, partook of the fate of human beings, who decline, grow old, and die ! The only thing certain is, I repeat it, that the evil begins in warm localities, or under artificial culture.

‘As to the means of cure, various processes have been tried, without satisfactory success. It is said, however, that sulphur, applied at the right time, stops the progress of the oidium, and enables the grape to ripen. Some planters sprinkle sulphur powder early in the spring, others mix sulphur and water, and water their whole vineyards. After some days the leaves resume their green color, and the grapes look better.

‘But this remedy is inconvenient. First, it does not always succeed, and many vine-growers, either not applying the means

rightly, or from some other cause, have lost their time and money. Next, the use of sulphur is very expensive, and requires great care: it is good for tender plants, but for large vines, is impracticable. Lastly, the sulphur communicates to the wine a disagreeable odor, at least when drank immediately after the vintage. Hence sulphur is not generally used. The true remedy, if there is one, is not yet found. Some regard drainage as a good preservative.'

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THE SONG OF THE WORLDLING.

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BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

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THE glittering end of life is gold ;  
The Golden Rule is the golden test ;  
The Golden Mean means gold alone ;  
And the goldenest thing is e'er the best :  
Then bring me wisdom if you will ;  
But bring me gold though you bring me ill.

Naught potent is on earth but gold ;  
Love by its side is but a farce,  
While beauty in its presence fades,  
And goodness fails where gold is scarce :  
Then bring me virtue, bring me truth ;  
But bring me gold though you bring me ruth.

God's but a sterner name for gold,  
Or gold a softer name for God,  
Who tempts us with a golden crown,  
And rules us with a golden rod :  
Then bring the crown though you bring the cross,  
And bring me gold though you bring me dross.

We bow before a golden shrine,  
And worship, all, the Golden Calf ;  
While those who weep are those who lose,  
And those who win alone who laugh :  
Then bring me honor, bring me fame ;  
But bring me gold though you bring me shame.

'Give us this day our daily gold,'  
Is evermore our daily prayer ;  
For gold will make the bad man good,  
The good man — ah ! all good is there :  
Then bring me wisdom, bring me worth ;  
But bring me gold, and I'll rule the earth.

## MRS. POTIPHAR AND THE WOMEN OF HOMER.

—  
'SCILICET improbae  
Crescunt divitiæ: tamen  
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.'—HORACE.  
—

MRS. POTIPHAR was to issue cards for a grand reception. The engraver had executed his commission resolutely. He had announced to whomsoever it might concern, with the enamelled effrontery of rectangular pasteboard, that Mrs. Potiphar was to be 'At Home, on Wednesday Evening.' An event so startling, though foreshadowed baldly, without a wherefore or a whereto, was destined to disturb somewhat the *nil admirari* serenity of Fifth-avenuedledom. Mrs. Potiphar was to be 'at home.' That was peculiar and promising. But what else? Whom should she graciously allow to be witnesses of an occurrence so auspicious? Here was a problem. Mrs. Potiphar was famishing for the want of a new sensation. She had grown weary of seeing, night after night, the same inanimate faces, and of hearing, over and over again, the same heartless platitudes. The Rev. Cream Cheese was getting a little mouldy, although she dared not say so aloud. Mrs. Settum Downe was unbearably uppish, Gauche Boozey a driveling bore, and Mrs. Gnu an old goose. She thought it high time to do a bold stroke of social privateering, and put fresh life into the sluggish veins of upper-ten society. Mrs. Potiphar had heard of a group of feminine characters, living she knew not where, and hardly cared to know, about whom poets and artists made no end of extravagant raving. Geography and chronology had never been her specialty. Without giving a thought to such trifling obstacles as twenty-five centuries in time, or twice as many miles of distance, she put her imperial foot down, and declared, that *her* Reception should be graced by the Women of Homer.

Kurz Pacha, the Sennaar ambassador, happened in soon after, and was consulted as to the whereabouts of said women of Homer. Mrs. Potiphar would be happy to call upon them, and make their acquaintance.

'A needless ceremony,' suggested the Pacha blandly. And quickly maturing his plot for a rare bit of fun, he volunteered to see that the cards were properly distributed. The Grace Church sexton would help him through, in case of a perplexity. But there would be none. He knew the ladies well. They were not sticklers for a small point of etiquette. Even if the matter made him a little trouble, that was nothing to the classical pleasure he looked forward to, of spending a social evening, *curis expeditis*, with Mrs. Potiphar and the women of Homer. A low bow hinted profound thanks, and the programme was settled.

It boots not now to tell what manifold persuasions were used by Kurz Pacha to wake up the ambition of his friends, in the matter of personating the women of Homer. The great trouble was, to organize his forces, and make a beginning. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.* Many and merry were the nights spent over Flaxman's illustrations and Pope's obscurations, before the several parts of the forthcoming Homeric drama were fitly assigned and thoroughly rehearsed.

At length, rosy-fingered Aurora, daughter of the Dawn, appeared, announcing to the world and Fifth Avenue, that the portentous day had come, when Mrs. Potiphar, by special effort, was to be 'at home,' and receive the women of Homer.

Nausicáa (by interpretation the Yacht-Gaited) was the first to arrive. She appeared a trifle after sun-down, about the time of early gas-light, seated in a covered carriage of primitive pattern, yet polished and 'well-wheeled,' and drawn by a span of mules that rejoiced in the skill of their mistress, as they tramped out an eager anapestic music beneath her steady hand. Nausicáa held the lines and whip gracefully, and showed a practised hand in guiding her mules through the tangled perplexity of omnibuses, carriages, and vehicles of low degree that crowded the street. Behind her, was a group of bright-eyed serving-girls, with neat, turban-like head-dresses, who were only less fair than their mistress. They kept their seats, when she reined in the mules and sprang to the ground with a bird's airiness. She rang the Potiphar door-bell, and turning back as the door opened, she told the girls in the covered carriage they must look well to the linen, when they got home, and see if it had been fully dried by the sun. Then she asked the door-maid if her mistress was in:

'I will be afther seeing,' was the Celtic reply.

Up-stairs crawled the Celtic door-maid. Nausicáa was left standing in the hall below. Mrs. Potiphar was taking an after-dinner nap, preliminary to the social tribulations of the evening, which, to her fashion-twisted fancy, was still a distant hill-side, with a wide foreground of dreams, toilettings, and ante-mirror rehearsals.

'Please, Ma'am, a woman below wants to see yourself, Ma'am. She's nate-lookin', but quare, Ma'am. I makes it out she wants to buy old rags, or sell home-made linen, or take in washin', Ma'am.'

'Tell her I am not at home,' fiercely growled Mrs. Potiphar, resuming the thread of her after-dinner ramble in the labyrinth of dreams.

'Not at home!' echoed the Homeric chip of an antique block of truthfulness, when the answer was drawled out to her. 'Then your mistress is not as good as her word. Here it is, in black and white, that Mrs. Potiphar is at home this Wednesday evening.'

'Blessed Virgin! then you have a ticket for the party. Plase to come this way, and lay down your things, Ma'am. You'll have time to grow old a bit, Ma'am, before the crowd comes in.'

Next came Andromache, the Hero's-Battle-Prize, on foot; close behind her followed a well-clad nurse, with the boy, Astyanax, 'throned on her breast, like a radiant star.' As the door opened, both quietly slipped into the parlor. The Celtic maid, glad not to be sent up-stairs again, stood wondering whether the new-comer was up for a situation as wet-nurse, or one of a rabble of guests from by-lanes and cellars.

Arete, the Sought-For, soon after came in with her husband, Alcinous: the latter looking somewhat tired, and sleepy, and thirsty. You would not say he was hen-pecked, but conscious of inferiority, and perfectly willing to follow his wife's sweet will. Learning that the mistress of the house was elsewhere occupied, Arete insisted that no one should be disturbed on her account. Dropping into a chair in a corner of the parlor, she unrolled a package of sea-purple wool, which she began to twirl with her spindle, a wonder to look upon. Her white fingers quivered and flashed like the leaves of an aspen. Her husband pulled out a goat-skin flask, and drank his wine with the serenity of a god.

Hardly was Arete seated at her work, when Calypso, the Hermitess, entered. The uniqueness of the occasion had led her to break through a fixed habit of seclusion, and to pass an evening away from her weird grotto, so cheerful with its fragrant fire of split cedar and thyme-wood. Calypso was dressed more richly than her companions, yet with becoming simplicity and sober elegance. She wore a silver-white, sleeveless robe, finely woven, full, and graceful. About her waist she had fastened a girdle, elegant and golden. It was modelled after the embroidered cestus of Venus, wherein were inclosed allurements, and fondnesses, and lovers' talk, that steals away the wisdom of the wisest. Beneath her feet she had tied light sandals, and had thrown over her head a veil of foam-like texture. After a pleasant greeting to each of her Homeric friends, she followed the example of Arete, and undid a parcel containing simple contrivances for weaving. Nausicaa admired her shuttle of pure gold.

'Mrs. Potiphar has been quite a stranger to us heretofore,' said Calypso, glancing toward the door. 'Even now, she is slow to make us welcome.'

'True,' replied Arete; 'but hospitality is better late than never. Every kindness, though small, should be gratefully received.'

Another guest now appeared, and, with her, what seemed like the purple splendor of a day-break in June. The room was suddenly filled with a strange radiance, that drew all eyes to the new-comer. Yet the sweetness of her countenance was interwoven with sadness and self-reproach. The brightness of her look seemed to struggle up through hidden sorrow, or to spring from the nutriment of tears, like a white lily with its roots in water. Calypso's greeting was abrupt and hearty.

'You all-conquering witch,' said she, rising and coming forward, 'not content with turning the heads of heroes, you are caught playing off your tricks of coquetry upon the hearts of trees. Near

to my grotto, I found a tall platan the other day, on whose smooth pale bark was cut in Doric phrase :

‘Σέβου μ’ Ἑλένας φυτὸν ἐμὶ.’

‘Do me reverence: I am HELEN’s tree.’

That platan owes allegiance to Calypso. It is guilty of high treason, and botanic misdemeanor. I give you fair warning, that the axe is laid at its roots.’

‘Do n’t hurt a leaf of the tree,’ replied Helen, with a pleading look. Think of its hamadryad, doomed to perish when the tree falls. You would be guilty of a double murder. So long as the platan is loyal to me, it cannot be false to you, whom I so much love and revere.’

Thus saying, she took a seat, and spread over her lap a large piece of embroidery. Already had many days of thoughtful and curious industry been expended upon it. It had the appearance of being intended for a soldier’s cloak, woven of rich, heavy stuff. She was patiently working upon it the crowded incidents of a battle between Greeks and Trojans. Quite likely she was elaborating a pictured history of heroism exhibited for her sake on the tented field.

Nausicaä, the Yacht-Gaited, knelt beside her, with a child’s confiding freedom, and pointed to one of the completed figures.

‘Who is that plumed hero, so valiant and lusty; that one out-topping the Argives by his head and broad shoulders? If the kind gods would only send me such a man for a husband!’

Helen brushed aside a tear, and tried to speak. Her heart was in her throat. Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Polyxena, the Very-Hospitable, whom all were glad to see. With her came also Apseudes, Hater-of-White-Lies; Theano, the Heavenly-Minded; Kallianassa, Ruling-by-Beauty, (delicious despotism;) Kasandra, Sister-to-Heroes; Euryclea, the Widely-Praised; Rhexenor, the Man-Breaker, (her face full of gentleness and sunshine.) A good many others came, with names equally significant of praiseworthy qualities.

All grew tired of waiting. Kallianassa was so self-forgetful as to disfigure her countenance with a yawn. Apseudes declared, with a spice of indignation, that they were to be sold without a song or a supper. Rhexenor proposed that King Alcinous should issue letters of marque and reprisal against Potiphar’s larder. Alcinous lazily referred the matter to his wife, but rather favored the plan of a levy on the wine-cellar. His goat-skin flask was nearly empty. Supping with Duke Humphrey he had no relish for. At last, an up-and-down rustling was heard in the hall, like the sound of a muffled saw-mill. *Init* a hay-mow of silk flounces and furbelows, decorated as to its summit with ribbons, laces, nameless gew-gaws, and rouge. Kurz Pacha was close behind. Acting as pilot to this sailing tun of Heidelberg, he surveyed the scene, like Byron’s Corsair, with

‘A laughing devil in his sneer and look.’



As soon as the first buzz of astonishment had subsided, the *non-chalant* ambassador straightway addressed himself to the task of presenting to Mrs. Potiphar her invited guests. If his introductions were made with some superfluity of flourish and wordiness, it may be said in apology, that the whole affair had cost him a heavy outlay of reading, costuming, and some contrivance. It was no trivial undertaking to bring Mrs. Potiphar into the flesh-and-blood presence of beings who had lived so far away, so long off, and then it might be only in the wayward fancy of an itinerant Hexametrist. The hour for a set speech had fully come. While his Homeric hearers literally held their countenances, lest an ill-timed giggle should betray the Fifth Avenue frame-work of their assumed character, the Sennaar Ambassador stroked his moustache, exordially opened his mouth, and thus began:

‘Mrs. Potiphar, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Nausicáa, only daughter of Alcinous, King of the ship-renowned Phæacians. In spite of the royal blood in her veins, she thinks it no shame to ride down to the sea-shore with female slaves, and there to over-see that damp, starch-demanding horror of modern house-keepers, that comes so befittingly after Sunday’s renewal of the Christian graces. Current report has it that Nausicáa is up and about the house with the first blush of day: though fawn-like and elastic, her shape tells you she was born to do something useful, and to be something more than a piece of ornamental furniture.

‘Miss Kalianassa, I know less than I would of your life and character, but if they are true to your name, the beauty that serves as your sceptre of authority must be something more than a thing of mere shape and color and costume. It must be a subjective quality, having its home in the heart: a beauty that keeps renewing itself out of the substance of generous qualities; that is not too bright for human nature’s daily use; that is not

‘Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null;’

that smiles out in cheerful serenity, with gleams of celestial radiance, from the gray locks of sunny age.’

Mrs. Potiphar’s embarrassed eyes began to look at vacancy. Her facial muscles twitched uneasily. The Pacha proceeded as unconcernedly as a clock ticking off the last moments of a criminal.

‘You will hardly believe it, Mrs. Potiphar, that Calypso there, so busy with the golden shuttle, and looking as though her thoughts were humming a pensive tune, always relies upon her own skilful industry and taste for replenishing her wardrobe. She always follows the same patterns too. Poor benighted rustic! we must send her a monthly magazine, with colored fashion-plates at the end of it. You will be startled to hear of her singular whims on the subject of dress. She is obstinate in her conceit that there ought to be some relation between apparel and comfort. It is one of her pet paradoxes that clothing should be adapted to climate

and season, to individual character and social position. If she were tired of life, and wanted to throw it off, as a burden, it would be just like her to hit upon some off-hand process, without dragging through a tedious course of self-caused consumption. It never entered her unsophisticated fancy that one part of her earthly mission was to remind the human race of its mortality by moving about in the similitude of an hour-glass, with lungs so pinched and breath so short, that no great stretch of imagination would be needed to supply the scythe-bearing skeleton.

‘The lady in mourning, whom your door-maid, not being read in the classics, naturally mistook for a wet-nurse, is Andromache, wife of Hector. She will never cease thinking how her slain husband was dragged about the walls of Troy, with his feet lashed to the chariot of Achilles. Had you seen her when she parted from Hector, beneath the beech-tree near the Scaean gate, the sight would have haunted you for life. You could never forget her sobbing accents, heard during the pauses of the roaring battle, as she hung upon her husband’s hand, telling him he was to her both father and mother and brother, and begging him not to go again to that dreadful field of slaughter. Could you have seen how her head drooped lower and lower when Hector drew the dark picture of her possible future, in a distant house of bondage, plying the loom and drawing water at the bidding of another; or how her eyes ran over with a painful pleasure, when Hector laid aside his nodding helmet that had frightened their child, and taking him in his arms, prayed the gods would make him a braver man than his sire; or how her frame shuddered when their last adieux were said, and she moved homeward lingeringly, looking often back, with floods of weeping: you, Mrs. Potiphar, in spite of case-hardened sensibilities, would have been melted to sympathy; you would have half expected to see her petrify into another Niobe—into a marble, immortal execration of the horrors of war!’

‘The lady in the corner, bending over a piece of Gobelin tapestry, (the genuine article, by the way, Mrs. Potiphar, and more epic in its vein than your unhappy rabbits with blue eyes and pink feet, chasing lubberly butter-flies over narrow necks of corduroy meadow, shaded by rheumatic willows;) the lady you are now looking at—notice her drooping eye-lids, Mrs. Potiphar—is either Mrs. Helen Menelaus or Mrs. Helen Alexander, I am not quite clear which. In fact, public opinion has been divided. There was talk of settling the question by a duel between the distinguished claimants of her heart and hand. To tell you the blunt truth, Mrs. Potiphar, without putting too fine a point upon it, Helen’s reputation is slightly cracked. She thinks so herself. She has been heard to call herself a ‘dog-faced’ individual. Mrs. Potiphar will be rashly foolish if she thinks the atmosphere of her parlor will be polluted by such a presence. Before thinking that thought, Mrs. Potiphar should have the charity to remember with Robert Burns, not alone what has been yielded to, but also what has been

resisted. She should read the eighth chapter of the gospel according to John, and inwardly digest the proverb that cautions people who occupy vitreous domiciles against the danger of converting themselves into temporary catapults for assailing passers-by with projectiles that are liable to be forcibly returned.'

Mrs. Potiphar began to grow red in the face, wondering to what end all this unbridled talk would carry itself. She felt greatly relieved at sight of the Celtic maid bringing in a delton or triangular note on a silver waiter. The note happened to be written in Greek, and Kurz Pacha was called upon to show the interpretation thereof. Mrs. Penelope, the Web-Raveller, had sent a regret. She was much occupied with domestic duties and cares. One of her tasks was the weaving of a shroud (in accordance with a custom of her people) for her father-in-law, the aged hero, Laertes. She hoped it would be long unneeded; already she had spent three years in weaving this shroud, and would be glad to spend as many more, if she could thus keep at a distance that coarse mob of roystering suitors who pretended to be anxious to take the place of Ulysses, now twenty years absent and reported to be dead. She hoped Mrs. Potiphar would not be in haste to think meanly of her weaving. She had private reasons for wishing to pull a little wool over the eyes of the suitors, who were so hearty and assiduous in their attentions to the chess-board, the dinner-table, and the wine-cellar. She was fully persuaded that any one of them was ready to marry the princely estate of Ulysses, even with the melancholy incumbrance of a grief-stricken widow, half-demented by sorrow, and so fascinated with the work of ornamental shroud-weaving, that she spent a part of each night in unravelling what it cost her a day's labor to make. She would not dwell longer upon private griefs. She was unfeignedly happy to be invited to share in the happiness of Mrs. Potiphar. Before her was what seemed to be a memorial tablet, announcing that Mrs. Potiphar was to be 'at home' that evening. She had not been able to learn the full particulars of what it meant, but her womanly instinct, that seldom went astray, led her to infer that either Mr. Potiphar, like her own Ulysses, had been absent on a long and perilous journey; or her first household had been desolated by fire, tempest, or war. Now she had reached the end of her troubles, and could appreciate the force of a remark once made by her long-lost companion: 'There is nothing sweeter or lovelier than for husband and wife to be keeping house, like-minded in their plans.' It was delightful to be safely 'at home' after unwilling absence or denial of its comforts. Home was the dearest spot on earth, and he was a profane wretch of a punster who declared that homely women were so named because their mission was to stay at home. She was glad to believe that no gifts of beauty or wit, no womanly accomplishment, no social or intellectual endowment could be too good for adorning the domestic fire-side. Though often spoken of by partial friends as one of the fairest of Homer's heroines, she the Web-Raveller, would prefer

to be kindly thought of as one of the homeliest of home-loving mothers.

It was plain that Kurz Pacha was improvising a kangaroo codicil to Penelope's brief regret. He saw he was detected, and hastened to resume his own character. 'I see that Mrs. Potiphar is disappointed.' (In point of fact, the tun of Heidelberg looked as if every inch of its vast circumference was full of amazement and vexation.) 'I supposed it would be so. Nearness is apt to disenchant. Familiarity breeds contempt. We are told by an old writer, whose name adorns one of the empty gilt covers in your husband's never-opened library that what is unknown passes for grand. *Ignotum pro magnifico*. Seldom is a lady angelic to her chamber-maid.'

What was said and done thereafter — shall it be told, or not ?

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A M B I T I O N .

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'SPEAK for me but one word that is unspoken !  
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !'

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'LET my spirit drink in something,  
Something from the well of lore,  
That no other soul has tasted,  
In the long years gone before.

This the craving of Ambition  
As the lamp of life burned low;  
This the earnest, wild petition:  
'Grant me something e'er I go.'

Ah ! in vain the high up-lifting  
Of a soul on life's wave tossed:  
Toward eternity 't was drifting,  
To the world forever lost.

Thus it is: with wild aspiring  
To the hill-tops we would climb,  
With unsatisfied desiring,  
To transmit their names to time.

Vain the strife ; for life's hours dwindling,  
Keep each from the long-sought goal,  
Though the fire seems newly kindling  
That so long has lit the soul.

Is there not a life eternal,  
Waning not with fleet years' flight,  
Full of knowledge deep, supernal,  
For such souls as seek the light?

## D R . F R A N C I S ' A D D R E S S . \*

MR. PRESIDENT SLOAN AND REGENTS OF THE COLLEGE HOSPITAL :

It demands a hardy constitution to address so formidable an assemblage of the learned, the liberal, and the philanthropic as I now see before me. Your courtesy has invited me, on this occasion, as one of your guests. I recognize the honor with the fullest appreciation. The circumstances which have led to this meeting of the friends of medical science and humanity, are of no ordinary character : it is the first time, I apprehend, that the patriotic and benevolent inhabitants of this distinguished city have gathered together in their strength and power to do especial honor to an event which, in its consequences, must prove of mighty benefit to the interests of precious knowledge and the efficient principles which philanthropy sustains. Your general circular address has most fittingly announced your beneficent intentions, to found a Hospital for the relief of physical suffering and for the promotion of the great art of healing. I have studied with care the plan of your work as set forth in your comprehensive exposition, and the rules and ordinances by which the government of your noble institution is to be regulated. I think they will receive a hearty recognition from all quarters. They are characterized by much knowledge in the premises, and are marked by a maturity of judgment to which the most experienced will give their assent. They reflect honor upon the heads and hearts of the disinterested projectors of the great measure. Solomon has said there is a time for all things ; I believe that time has arrived when you may put into active operation the plans which doubtless have repeatedly absorbed your deliberations, and which you have but recently determined to make known to an enlightened community, for their patronage and support. You might have begun even earlier, but you are not too late. Prudential reasons are to be well scanned, and projects, however wise, when dependent for success on fiscal means, are never to be hastily entered upon. Yet your great and commanding city has long felt the want of an establishment, such as you this day have inaugurated, notwithstanding the benefits which you have long secured to the afflicted poor ; and the most skeptical must yield their doubts to the policy which at this time prompts you to the performance of so great and praiseworthy an undertaking as the organization of the Long Island College Hospital.

I am informed that Brooklyn exceeds considerably two hundred thousand inhabitants ; and where, tell me, will you find a city of that numerical population, in civilized society, without the organization of a hospital ? Inspect the numerous county towns or cities

\* DELIVERED at the Inauguration of the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, on the third of June, 1858.

of Great Britain, many of them even of far less inhabitants, and you will learn that provisions of a like Christian character proclaim the wisdom and humanity of their people. So, too, you will find like demonstrations on the Continent. What was the population of Philadelphia when the great American sage, Franklin, projected the foundation of the Pennsylvania Hospital in 1752? Not twenty thousand. What was the population of your neighbor, the city of New-York, when Bard and Middleton, with Lieutenant-Governor Moore, and the countenance of John Fothergill and other philanthropists, projected the world-renowned hospital on Broadway, the first institution of that character in that metropolis? Certainly in numbers at that period not twenty thousand people. On the score of numbers, therefore, you have not been premature in your operations.

Your mighty increase in inhabitants, your fiscal capabilities, your intelligence, your Christian character, the denizens of a city of churches, your kindly nature, and your moral culture, all cried aloud for the organization of the Institution we, at this time, are convened to celebrate. Moreover, there are other reasons which must work a happy influence in all time in behalf of your proceedings. You justly boast a city whose location seems blessed with almost every physical advantage. Your topographical situation is signally advantageous; your soil, your temperature, the very site and structure of your ample Hospital, give a very favorable verdict touching the sagacity and forethought that have controlled your achievements, and demonstrate that yours is no tentative measure. These are indeed striking facts, but too apparent to be longer dwelt upon, and what is self-evident supersedes prolonged discussion. Your enlightened head, with your Board of Regents, must have been well apprised of all these circumstances while selecting the grounds and modifying the edifice you have now at command for your public-spirited undertaking.

Yet there is another light in which I would look at your important work. The name you have assumed for your great charity is significant. Long Island is not unknown in our patriotic history, nor in the annals of American science, in medicine, in surgery, and in the kindred departments of knowledge. It is in a remarkable degree prominent as the birth-place of many of the most distinguished individuals who have, during the past two or three generations, flourished in our profession as able and enlightened cultivators of the divine art of healing. On this occasion I am necessarily restricted, and must be satisfied with the briefest notice of your native worthies who have signalized themselves in other walks of life. There is assuredly an intellectual atmosphere among you, judging from your products. You have given the nation men of high eminence in jurisprudence, and in legislation: Jones, Kissam, Colden, Furman, and your present representative at a foreign court, who has manifested in the most indisputable manner his claims to the title of a lover of American history, by his liberality in diffusing the early history of De Vries and other rare works il-



lustrative of our colonial condition. Your roll is ample with the inscription of many of our most renowned medical worthies. Some of those who have added to the glory of scientific and practical medicine, whose birth-place was Long Island, and others who by a long residence with you have become identified with your annals, men whose memories you delight to cherish, have flourished in that vocation with signal benefit to the common weal. For example, Ogden and Muirson and John Bard; the last named pre-eminent for great practical sagacity, and as the author of an elaborate paper on your fevers: the two former universally known for their active and successful innovation on the therapeutical management of the once formidable malignant sore-throat distemper. Then you justly boast as their birth-place of those two surgical worthies, Wright Post and Richard S. Kissam, so long in the foremost rank in surgical skill in New-York. You claim Valentine Seamen, the early and zealous promoter of vaccination in New-York, and as if to crown the column which records your indigenous worth, you summon to recollection the philosopher so prominent for varied knowledge and for excellence in natural science, the late Samuel Latham Mitchill, the prolific author on physical investigations, and whose reputation fills both hemispheres; and the illustrious surgeon, Valentine Mott, the founder of Clinical Surgery in America and still in the exercise of his great calling in the adjacent metropolis. Will you tolerate me if to these great names I add the honors you have received by your Island being selected as the chosen residence in their declining years of Lieutenant-Governor Colden, that *savant* of many sciences, the associate of Kalm and Bartram, and of Franklin, and who was the first who taught Americans the Linnæan System of Botany? Moreover, you can record that the last years of a long life were passed by the patriotic and incorruptible Judge Egbert Benson at your famed Jamaica; that here Rufus King, the statesman, sought repose from public cares; and that the late Governor Clinton, the founder of your vast system of internal improvement, deemed Long Island the most gratifying of residences, in his hours of leisure, if so be that this illustrious patriot could ever secure hours of relaxation from great public responsibilities.

Facts of this nature speak in loud accents of your healthy Island. But for a moment turn to another proof in behalf of your benignant soil and your saluiferous clime. You cannot have forgotten the once flourishing Botanical Garden, established at Flushing, by William Prince, once rich in native and exotic plants, a place of familiar resort by the eminent naturalists of the time, and where scientific botany was furnished with the richest specimens for illustration of the then almost universally adopted system of the great Swede. Where did the naturalist, Alexander Wilson, find some of his richest specimens for ornithological illustration, but in your native woods? Was not the piercing eye of Audubon in like manner gratified? Where did Michaux obtain some of the proudest forest trees to enrich the botanical garden of Paris, but among your native oaks and lofty sycamores? Of the four or five thou-

sand varieties of the apple noticed by the pomologist, is not the Newtown pippin the first in excellence? And if the scientific ichthyologist penetrate the ample and beautiful waters which surround you, such a naturalist, for instance, as your late Dr. De Kay, do you not learn that the rivers and the bays within your sight are more prolific of the various tribes of fishes than perhaps any other region yet discovered?

It is now almost a century and a half since Dr. Colden, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor, wrote his account of the climate of this district of country. He pronounced it to be most excellent of its kind, pure, free from pestilential sources of disease, of surpassing efficacy for the relief of pulmonary disorders; and De Vries, lately translated from the Dutch by your Minister at the Netherlands, the Hon. Mr. Murphy, and other writers of an earlier date than Colden, promulgated similar doctrines. All this gives countenance to what has so often in our day been asserted, and justifies the policy of your selection for this site of your great charity. Many of this audience doubtless retain a strong recollection of the high estimation now perhaps some thirty or forty years ago, which the Bath House at Bath enjoyed, as a most fitting institution for the resort of invalids from even remote parts of the Union. The shore of Bath was selected as the spot for the institution which was there established, an institution of that nature among the earliest in our country. The late Dr. Richard Bayley had the sagacity to make the choice, and in his decision he received the countenance of those two practical men, Drs. John and Samuel Bard, and I know not that the topography of the place has forfeited its renown. Bayley, who may be deemed the originator of our quarantine system, was of all men best qualified to give a safe opinion, both from his professional knowledge and his minute acquaintance with contiguous localities. I state these popular facts, not in the possession of all, as still further tending to confirm your wisdom in recognizing Brooklyn as the very place for your College institution.

But I here pause. If in the economy of human affairs there be any thing like an elective affinity or an associate relationship, does it not seem apparent from even our hasty and imperfect review, that there is a remarkable fitness in your patriotic attempt to establish a hospital in a location so characterized in its topography, so bountiful in its products, so rich in healthy influences? Nature and art, God and man, seem to indicate the propriety of your proceedings, and to justify that wise energy with which you have consummated your labors. You need no laudations of mine in behalf of the work of beneficence you have erected. The apostolic principles which have controlled your movements have found an issue at which the Christian philosopher congratulates himself, and he who is a proper disciple of the Hippocratic art, rejoices with unspeakable satisfaction; for hospitals are an emanation of Christian promptings. I will detain you but a moment longer. You have, with professional discrimination, in your circular, stated the vast importance of your new institution as a school for clinical

instruction, and you have reëchoed the sentiments of every sound medical man that the safe and profitable knowledge which must govern the physician must be derived from clinical experience. The bedside is the fountain from which must flow that wisdom which the disciple of Hippocrates summons to his aid in order to fulfil the vast trusts confided to his care. Herein is it that the Hospital is to prove a mighty blessing to the people. Thousands, indeed, may enter it as a refuge from poverty and common infirmities; but your great triumphs are to be announced in the restoration of tens of thousands of the sick inmates who, in the progress of time, may occupy your wards; triumphs secured by a sound pathology and the clinical wisdom of your enlightened prescribers. Within your collegiate walls the student is to look for practical medicine and surgery, and the records of medical science receive new confirmations by the illustrations of your clinique, or be rejected as fabulous by the result of your bed-side revelations. You may receive collateral support in divers ways to sustain your charity: the rock upon which your Hospital is to stand, is clinical science: no other foundation, in this day of acute inquiry, will be safe either for the prescribed or the prescriber. The Hospital is the College for the physician and the surgeon, says John Abernethy. I have said on more than on one occasion, that you might as well attempt to teach practical navigation in a sylvan retreat as the art of healing without clinical instruction. Without the gift of prophesy I think I foresee that national blessings must be derived from the Long Island College Hospital, both to the professors of our high calling and to the afflicted participators of your disinterested bounty. The galaxy of female excellence which graces this meeting, gives a double assurance that the virtuous and the humane are enlisted in the support of your beneficent plan. I will add no more.

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N E C E S S I T Y .

No claims lay I unto the art  
Which make a poet's name divine:  
In idle moods I weave my rhyme,  
Nor hope to reach a single heart.

Where crimson blooms bend down the boughs,  
And lush and green the grasses grow,  
I see the brown-thrush come and go,  
And hear him chant his love-sweet vows.

I know he cannot help but trill  
His golden songs upon the air;  
The broad earth is so grand and fair,  
He cannot help it if he will.

And so I sing these useless songs,  
Although no rare and golden thought,  
Upon the tangled web is wrought  
That to the poet's work belongs.

R. A. OAKES.

## O U R P O R T R A I T .

OUR readers will agree with us in thinking that no more appropriate 'counterfeit presentment' could grace the KNICKERBOCKER than that of the benign, intelligent, and venerable features of a son of New-York, than whom no one has done more to illustrate her local history and signalize her public spirit. Those who desire a more elaborate portrait will do well to subscribe to Mr. Jackman's beautiful engraving just published. Dr. Francis was one of our earliest contributors, and has always been the staunch friend of MAGA. Some of his most genial and valuable reminiscences of character and famous men originally graced our pages; and to them we add, in the present number, the latest specimen of his felicitous improvisation on a recent most interesting occasion in a neighboring city. A written sketch of the traits and career of Dr. Francis is almost superfluous. During half a century of practice in the healing art, the lives of some of our most eminent citizens in exigencies of great peril, have been saved by his promptitude, sagacity, and vigilance; and two generations of mothers behold in him a benefactor in the hour of their greatest anguish and joy; and thus the name of the 'Good Physician' has become a household word, and his presence a familiar blessing; but, as caterers to the literary public, we recognize an enthusiastic cultivator of letters, and a disinterested lover of genius, in our favorite son of Esculapius, and cannot avoid accompanying his portrait with some account of his character as a man of society and authorship. Mr. Poe, in a graphic but slightly over-colored sketch, thus admirably paints the address and conversational powers of Dr. Francis:

'His address is the most genial that can be conceived — its *bonhomie* irresistible. He speaks in a loud, clear, hearty tone, dogmatically, with his head thrown back and his chest out; never waits for an introduction to any lady; slaps a perfect stranger on the back, and calls him 'Doctor' or 'learned Theban;' pats every lady on the head, and (if she be pretty and *petite*) designates her by some such title as 'My pocket edition of the Lives of the Saints.' His conversation proper is a sort of Roman punch, made up of tragedy, comedy, and the broadest of all possible farces. He has a natural, felicitous flow of talk, always over-swelling the boundaries and sweeping every thing before it, right and left. He is very earnest, intense, emphatic; thumps the table with his fist; shocks the nerves of the ladies.'

Our friend Dr. A. K. Gardner writes:

'Who does not know the venerable Doctor? — the mentor of the profession, the kindly assistant of the young aspirant in any pursuit, particularly in that most difficult of all in which to get a start, the medical! The Doctor is the centre of New-York, and his presence is necessary to every public meeting. The antiquarians, the printers, the politicians, the literati, the artist, the KNICKERBOCKER, gentle women, the men in rule, his own profession, all look to him as an essential to their counsels, their circles and their well-being. As an antiquarian, his long life, his acquaintance, friendly and professional, with all the men of note who have ever visited New-York, and his extraordinary memory of dates, persons, and

events, combine to place him, independently of his being the second oldest member of the Historical Society, at the very head of the antiquarians of New-York. As a printer, he has himself 'composed' his own composition, and has handled the composing-stick as deftly as subsequently the lancet. A politician, an uncompromising and straightforward CLAY and WEBSTER Whig, he is respected by all parties, and is consulted professionally by all grades, from Senator FISH to BANCROFT and SAUNDERS. His house is the general meeting-place for the literati, who in him have always found a ready friend, a liberal patron, and a judicious critic. While revolving in various orbs, here the Doctor is the centre. Perhaps a literary life, if it were necessary to eschew all but one, would be the most to the Doctor's taste. He is an exceedingly able writer; while strength of thought most characterizes his literary productions, few would pass them by without particular noticing the JOHNSONIAN elegance of his language. Somewhat polysyllabic in his words there is an aptitude of expression and an affluence of language which never wearies by its tautology, or tires by its sameness. His literary productions are as diversified as science, and almost as numerous as the days of his life.\* In almost all branches of human inquiry, he has roved with wandering foot, plucking here a flower to adorn his own mental cabinet, and there dropping a fruitful seed to be observed blossoming and fructifying by the next traveller in that region. To him might be applied with more than usual pertinence the old line :

'Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.'

'He is therefore an appropriate centre for the intellectual galaxy of this metropolis. Occasionally this position is held in public, when the distinguished are gathered together in solemn conclave, and daily at his hospitable board may be seen some visitor in New-York. But of an evening one may drop in and find a genial gathering, surrounded by the smoke of their own cigars. One is at home here — and so is the Doctor, if not professionally engaged. TUCKERMAN keeps his classicality for his ADDISONIAN books, and is full of anecdote and humor; GRISWOLD, fiery, sarcastic, and captious; DUYCKINCK critical; MELVILLE (when in town) taciturn, but genial, and when warmed-up, capitally racy and pungent; painters and sculptors, men of deeds, not words, and among them, rarely seen abroad, the friend of SHELLEY and BYRON. The Doctor himself is glorious, when no lumbago or fresh bronchial attack dispirits. We want to learn something respecting some person now dead and gone. We have but to start the hare, and he is soon run down: 'Born in 17 —, died in 18 —, married to Miss —, third daughter of —,' says the statistical and ever-prompt Mr. RAPELYE, (who, the Doctor remarks, is the lineal descendant of the first white child born on this island.) The Doctor professionally attended the family through several generations, and thus a stream of valuable information is poured out upon the desired subject.'

One of his friends, who will be recognized by his initials, has, in the following impromptu verses, written some years ago, in the album of one of the family, sketched very faithfully a portrait of the medical Nestor of New-York :

\* DR. FRANCIS was a frequent contributor to the earlier volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. In one of his articles there is a rich display of anecdotal matter touching the career of both COOKE and KEAN. The Doctor's epitaph on COOKE's Monument in St. PAUL's Church-yard is widely known and appreciated for its correctness. Dr. FRANCIS, in connection with Dr. HOSACK, edited the *American and Medical Register*, and with Drs. DYCKMAN and BECK the *New-York Medical and Physical Journal*. The *Family Magazine*, *Knapp's American Biography*, *Watson's Annals*, and *Dunlap's Histories of the Stage and Arts of Design*, also owed much to his fertile pen. The following is an incomplete list of the Doctor's writings. We have recently heard that his medical papers will shortly be gathered for publication :

*First:* An Address before the Horticultural Society, New-York, 1830.

*Second:* An Address delivered on the Anniversary of the Philolexian Society of Columbia College, New-York, May 15, 1831.

*Third:* Letter on the Cholera Asphyxia, New-York, 1832.

*Fourth:* Observations on the Mineral Waters of Avon, Livingston County, New-York, 1834.

*Fifth:* Discourse upon the opening of the New Hall of the New-York Lyceum of Natural History, New-York, 1851.

*Sixth:* Anniversary Discourse before the New-York Academy of Medicine, New-York, 1847.

*Seventh:* Inaugural Address before the Academy of Medicine, 1848.

*Eighth:* Address to the President-elect, VALENTINE MOTT, 1849.

*Ninth:* Old New-York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years, 1853.

## THE DOCTOR.

' Who roams the town from morn till night,  
Dispensing health from left to right,  
And doing good with all his might?  
The Doctor.

' Who with facetious word and smile,  
The heart of patients doth beguile,  
More than the flute of Mr. KYLE?  
The Doctor.

' Who bears the living features strong,  
That to our country's sage belong,  
Whose praises are his constant song?  
The Doctor.

' Who by the hour can facts relate,  
Of men who ruled the schools or state,  
A votary of the truly great?  
The Doctor.

' Who old physicians by the score,  
With CLAY and KANE, or HANNAH MORE,  
In fond remembrance will explore?  
The Doctor.

' Who on the sick-bed oft hath seen,  
TRUMBULL and GARCIA, COOKE and KEAN,  
And other geniuses I ween?  
The Doctor.

' Whose head by waving hoar-locks crowned,  
With varied knowledge doth abound,  
And thoughts vivacious and profound?  
The Doctor.

' Who, on some memorable night,  
Gives mental epicures delight,  
And fills all envious rogues with spite?  
The Doctor.

' Who, with a never-failing zest,  
In pleasant intervals of rest,  
Gives hearty welcome to each guest?  
The Doctor.

' Who on the sofa loves to sit,  
And see his wife beside him knit,  
While scintillates her ready wit?  
The Doctor.

' And when the cruel bell doth ring,  
Who frowning from the couch doth spring,  
Doff his gray jacket and take wing?  
The Doctor.

' Who comfort often doth forego,  
And meet the rage of sun or snow,  
Because he never can say *no*?  
The Doctor.



'Who thinks that Pleasure comprehends,  
Books where great truth with reason blends,  
Green tea, cigars, and genial friends?

The Doctor.

'What ornithologist so strange,  
For all the birds that air do range  
His darling *Hawks* \* would ne'er exchange?

The Doctor.

'Who wears the academic bay, †  
For honor more than gold doth pray,  
And likes a chat with RAPELYE? ‡

The Doctor.

'*New-York, October 24th, 1850.*

H. T. T.'

#### THE BLUE-BELLS OF NEW-ENGLAND.

THE roses are a regal troop,  
And humble folks the daisies;  
But, Blue-bells of New-England,  
To you I give my praises:  
To you, fair phantoms in the sun,  
Whom merry Spring discovers,  
With blue-birds for your laureates,  
And honey-bees for lovers!

The south-wind breathes, and lo! ye throng  
This rugged land of ours:  
Methinks the pale blue clouds of May  
Drop down, and turn to flowers!  
By cottage-doors, along the roads,  
You show your winsome faces,  
And, like the spectre lady, haunt  
The lonely woodland places!

All night your eyes are closed in sleep,  
But open at the dawning;  
Such simple faith as yours can see  
God's coming in the morning.  
You lead me, by your holiness,  
To pleasant ways of duty:  
You set my thoughts to melody,  
You fill me with your beauty.

And you are like the eyes I love,  
So modest and so tender,  
Just touched with morning's glorious light,  
And evening's gentle splendor.  
Long may the heavens give you rain,  
The sun-shine its caresses,  
Long may the little girl I love  
Entwine you in her tresses!

T. B. ALDRICH.

\* Rev. Dr. Hawks.

† He was long President of the New-York Academy of Medicine.

‡ GEORGE B. RAPELYE, Esq., a venerable KNICKERBOCKER friend, of Huguenot descent and antiquarian knowledge.

## T H E   G O L D E N   I N G O T .

I HAD just retired to rest, with my eyes almost blind with the study of a new work on Physiology, by M. Brown-Sequard, when the night-bell was pulled violently.

It was winter, and I confess I grumbled as I rose and went down stairs to open the door. Twice that week I had been aroused long after mid-night on the most trivial causes. Once, to attend upon the son and heir of a wealthy family, who had cut his thumb with a pen-knife, which, it seems, he insisted on taking to bed with him. And once to restore a young gentleman to consciousness, who had been found by his horrified parent stretched insensible on the stair-case. Diachylon in the one case, and ammonia in the other, were all that my patients required; and I had a faint suspicion that the present summons was perhaps occasioned by no case more necessitous than those I have quoted. I was too young in my profession, however, to neglect opportunities. It is only when a physician rises to a very large practice that he can afford to be inhuman. I was on the first step of the ladder, so I humbly opened my door.

A woman was standing ankle-deep in the snow that lay upon the stoop. I caught but a dim glimpse of her form, for the night was cloudy; but I could hear her teeth rattling like castanets, and as the sharp wind blew her clothes close to her form, I could detect from the sharpness of the outlines that she was very scantily supplied with raiment.

‘Come in, come in, my good woman,’ I said hastily, for the wind seemed to catch eagerly at the opportunity of making itself at home in my hall, and was rapidly forcing an entrance through the half-open door. ‘Come in, you can tell me all you have to communicate inside.’

She slipped in like a ghost, and I closed the door. While I was striking a light in my office, I could hear her teeth still clicking out in the dark hall, till it seemed as if some skeleton was chattering. As soon as I obtained a light I begged her to enter the room, and without occupying myself particularly about her appearance, asked her abruptly what her business was.

‘My father has met with a severe accident,’ she said, ‘and requires instant surgical aid. I entreat you to come to him immediately.’

The freshness and the melody of her voice startled me. Such voices rarely if ever issue from any but beautiful forms. I looked at her attentively, but owing to a nondescript species of shawl in which her head was wrapped, I could discern nothing beyond what seemed to be a pale, thin face, and large eyes. Her dress was lamentable. An old silk, of a color now unrecognizable, clung to her figure in those limp folds which are so eloquent of misery. The creases where it had been folded were worn nearly through

and through, and the edges of the skirt had decayed into a species of irregular fringe, which was clotted and discolored with mud. Her shoes — which were but half-concealed by this scanty garment — were shapeless and soft with moisture. Her hands were hidden under the ends of the shawl which covered her head, and hung down over a bust, the outlines of which, although angular, seemed to possess a certain grace.

A nameless air of mystery which seemed to hang over this wretched edifice, created in me a certain curiosity. Poverty, when partially shrouded, seldom fails to interest; witness the statue of the Veiled Beggar, by Monti.

‘In what manner was your father hurt?’ I asked in a tone considerably softened from the one in which I put my first question.

‘He blew himself up, Sir, and is terribly wounded.’

‘Ah! He is in some factory then?’

‘No, Sir, he is a chemist.’

‘A chemist — why, he is a brother professional. Wait an instant and I will slip on my coat and go with you. Do you live far from here?’

‘In the Seventh Avenue, not more than two blocks from the end of this street.’

‘So much the better. We will be with him in a few minutes. Did you leave any one in attendance on him?’

‘No, Sir. He will allow no one but myself to enter his laboratory. And injured as he is, I could not induce him to quit it.’

‘Indeed! He is engaged in some great discovery, perhaps? I have known such cases.’

We were passing under a lamp-post, and the woman suddenly turned and glared at me with a look of such wild terror, that for an instant I involuntarily glanced round me under the impression that some terrible peril, unseen by me, was menacing us both.

‘Do n’t — do n’t ask me any questions,’ she said breathlessly. ‘He will tell you all you want. But do, oh! do hasten — good God! he may be dead by this time!’

I made no reply, but allowed her to grasp my hand, which she did with a bony, nervous clutch, and endeavored with some difficulty to keep pace with the long strides — I might well call them bounds, for they seemed the springs of a wild animal rather than the pace of a young girl — with which she covered the ground. Not a word more was uttered until we stopped before a shabby old-fashioned tenement house in the Seventh Avenue, not far above Twenty-third Street. She pushed the door open with a convulsive pressure, and still retaining hold of my hand, literally dragged me up-stairs, to what seemed to be a back off-shoot to the main building, as high, perhaps, as the fourth story. In a moment more I found myself in a moderately-sized chamber, lit by a single lamp. In one corner, stretched motionless on a wretched pallet-bed, I beheld what I supposed to be the figure of my patient.

‘He is there,’ said the girl; ‘go to him. See if he is dead — I dare not look.’

I made my way as well as I could through the numberless dilapidated chemical instruments with which the room was crowded. A French chafing-dish, supported on an iron tripod, had been over-turned and was lying across the floor, while the charcoal, still warm, was scattered around in various directions. Crucibles, alembics, and retorts were confusedly piled in various corners, and on a small table I saw distributed in separate bottles a number of mineral and metallic substances, which I recognized as antimony, mercury, plumbago, arsenic, borax, etc. It was veritably the apartment of a poor chemist. All the apparatus had the air of being bought second-hand. There was none of that lustre of exquisitely annealed glass, and highly polished metals, which dazzles one in the laboratory of the prosperous analyst. The make-shifts of poverty were every where visible. The crucibles were broken, or gallipots were used instead of crucibles. The colored tests were not in the usual transparent vials, but were placed in ordinary black bottles. There is nothing more melancholy than to behold Science or Art in distress. A threadbare scholar, a tattered book, or a battered violin, are mute appeals to our sympathies.

I approached the wretched pallet-bed on which the victim of chemistry was lying. He breathed heavily, and had his head turned toward the wall. I lifted his arm gently to arouse his attention.

‘How goes it, my poor friend?’ I asked him. ‘Where are you hurt?’

In a moment, as if startled by the sound of my voice, he sprang up in his bed, and cowered up against the wall like a wild animal driven to bay.

‘Who are you? I do n’t know you. Who brought you here? You are a stranger. How dare you come into my private rooms to spy upon me?’

And as he uttered this rapidly with a frightful nervous energy, I beheld a pale distorted face, draped with long gray hair, glaring at me with a mingled expression of fury and terror.

‘I am no spy,’ I answered mildly. ‘I heard that you had met with an accident, and have come to cure you. I am Doctor Luxor, and here is my card.’

The old man took the card and scanned it eagerly.

‘You are a physician?’ he inquired distrustfully.

‘And surgeon also.’

‘You are bound by oath not to reveal the secrets of your patients.’

‘Undoubtedly.’

‘I am afraid that I am hurt,’ he continued faintly, half sinking back in the bed.

I seized the opportunity to make a brief examination of his body. I found that the arms, a portion of the chest, and some of

the face terribly scorched; but it seemed to me that there was nothing to be apprehended but pain.

'You will not reveal any thing that you may learn here?' said the old man, feebly fixing his eyes on my face while I was applying some soothing ointment to the burns. 'You will promise me?'

I nodded assent.

'Then I will trust you. Cure me — I will pay you well.'

I could scarce help smiling. If Lorenzo de Medici, conscious of millions of ducats in his coffers, had been addressing some leech of the period, he could not have spoken with a loftier air than this inhabitant of the fourth story of a tenement house in the Seventh Avenue.

'You must keep quiet,' I answered. 'Let nothing irritate you. I will leave a composing draught with your daughter, which she will give you immediately. I will see you in the morning. You will be well in a week.'

'Thank God!' came in a murmur from a dusk corner near the door. I turned and beheld the dim outline of the girl standing with clasped hands in the gloom, and projecting eager eyes through the dim chamber.

'My daughter!' screamed the old man, once more leaping up in the bed with renewed vitality. 'You have seen her then? when? where? Oh! may a thousand cur —'

'Father! father! Any thing — any thing but that. Don't, do n't curse me!' and the poor girl, rushing in, flung herself sobbing on her knees beside his pallet.

'Ah! Brigand! you are there, are you? Sir,' said he, turning to me, 'I am the most unhappy man in the world. Talk of Sysiphus rolling the ever-recoiling stone — of Prometheus gnawed by the vulture since the birth of Time. The fables yet live. There is my rock, forever crushing me back. There is my eternal vulture feeding upon my heart! There — there — there!' and with an awful gesture of malediction and hatred, he pointed with his wounded hand, swathed and shapeless with bandages, at the cowering, sobbing, wordless woman by his side.

I was too much horror-stricken to attempt even to soothe him. The anger of blood against blood has an electric power which paralyzes bystanders.

'Listen to me, Sir,' he continued, 'while I skin this painted viper. I have your oath. You will not reveal. I am an alchemist, Sir. Since I was twenty-two years old, I have pursued the wonderful and subtle secret. Yes! to unfold the mysterious Rose guarded with such terrible thorns, to decipher the wondrous Table of Emerald, to accomplish the mystic nuptials of the Red King and the White Queen, to marry them soul to soul and body to body forever and ever, in the exact proportions of land and water, such has been my sublime aim — such has been the splendid feat that I have accomplished.'

I recognized at a glance in this incomprehensible farrago the

*argot* of the true alchemist. Ripley, Flamel, and others have supplied the world in their works with the melancholy spectacle of a scientific Bedlam.

‘Two years since,’ continued the poor man, growing more and more excited with every word that he uttered; ‘two years since, I succeeded in solving the great problem — in transmuting the baser metals into gold. None but myself, that girl, and God knows the privations I had suffered up to that time. Food, clothing, air, exercise, every thing but shelter, was sacrificed toward the one great end. Success at last crowned my labors. That which Nicholas Flamel did in 1382, that which George Ripley did at Rhodes in 1460, that which Alexander Sethon and Michael Scudivogius did in the seventeenth century, I did in 1856. I made gold! I said to myself: ‘I will astonish New-York more than Flamel did Paris.’ He was a poor copyist, and suddenly launched into magnificence. I had scarce a rag to my back — I would rival the Medicis. I made gold every day. I toiled night and morning — for I must tell you that I never was able make more than a certain quantity at a time, and that by a process almost entirely dissimilar to those hinted at in those books of alchemy I had hitherto consulted; but I had no doubt that facility would come with experience, and that ere long I would be able to eclipse in wealth the richest sovereigns of the earth.

‘So I toiled on. Day after day I gave to this girl here what gold I succeeded in fabricating, telling her to store it away, after supplying our necessities. I was astonished to perceive that we lived as poorly as ever. I reflected, however, that it was perhaps a commendable piece of prudence on the part of my daughter. Doubtless, I said, she argues that the less we spend the sooner we shall accumulate a capital wherewith to live at ease; so thinking her course a wise one, I did not reproach her with her niggardliness, but toiled on amid want with closed lips.

‘The gold which I fabricated was, as I said before, of an invariable size, namely, a little ingot worth perhaps thirty or forty-five dollars. In two years I calculated that I had made five hundred of these ingots, which, rated at an average of thirty dollars a piece, would amount to the gross sum of fifteen thousand dollars. After deducting our slight expenses for two years, we ought to have nearly fourteen thousand dollars left. It was time, I thought, to indemnify myself for my years of suffering, and surround my child and myself with such moderate comforts as our means allowed. I went to my daughter and explained to her that I desired to make an encroachment upon our little hoard. To my utter amazement she burst into tears and told me that she had not got a dollar; that the entire of our wealth had been stolen from her. Almost overwhelmed by this new misfortune, I in vain endeavored to discover from her in what manner our savings had been plundered. She could afford me no explanation, beyond what I might gather from an abundance of sobs and a copious flow of tears.

‘It was a bitter blow, Doctor, but ‘*nil desperandum*’ was my



motto; so I went to work at my crucible again with redoubled energy, and made an ingot nearly every second day. I determined this time to put them in some secure place myself; but the very first day I set my apparatus in order for the projection, the girl Marian — that is my daughter's name — came weeping to me, and implored of me to allow her to take care of our treasure. I refused her decisively, saying that having found her already incapable of filling the trust, I could place no faith in her again. But she persisted, clung to my neck, threatened to abandon me, in short, used so many of the bad but irresistible arguments known to women, that I had not the heart to refuse her. She has since that time continued to take the ingots.

'Yet you behold,' continued the old alchemist casting an inexpressibly mournful glance around the wretched apartment, 'you see the way we live. Our food is insufficient and of bad quality; we never buy any clothes; the rent of this hole is a mere nothing. What am I to think of the wretched girl who plunges me into this misery? Is she a miser, think you? or a female gamester? or — or — does she squander it riotously in places I know not of? O doctor, doctor! do not blame me if I heap imprecations on her head, for I have suffered bitterly!' The poor man here closed his eyes, and sank back groaning on his bed.

This singular narrative excited in me the strangest emotions. I glanced at the girl Marian, who had been a patient listener to these horrible accusations of cupidity, and never did I behold a more angelic air of resignation than was spread over her countenance. It was impossible that any one with those pure, limpid eyes, that calm, broad forehead, that child-like mouth, could be such a monster of avarice or deceit as the old man represented. The thing was plain enough; the alchemist was mad — what alchemist was there ever who was not? — and his insanity had taken this terrible shape. I felt an inexpressible pity move my heart for this poor girl, whose youth was burdened with such an awful sorrow.

'What is your name?' I asked the old man, taking his tremulous fevered hand in mine.

'William Blakelock,' he answered. 'I come of an old Saxon stock, Sir, that bred true men and women in former days. God! how did it ever come to pass that such a one as that girl there ever sprang from our line!'

The glance of loathing and contempt that he cast at her, made me shudder.

'May you not be mistaken in your daughter?' I said very mildly; 'delusions with regard to alchemy are, or have been, very common —'

'What, Sir?' cried the old man, bounding in his bed. 'What? do you doubt that gold can be made? Do you know, Sir, that M. C. Théodore Tiffereau made gold at Paris in the year 1854 in the presence of M. Levot, the assayer of the Imperial Mint, and the result of the experiments read before the Academy of Sciences

on the sixteenth of October of the same year? But stay, you shall have better proof yet. I will pay you with one of my ingots, and you shall attend me until I am well — Get me an ingot!’

This last command was addressed to Marian, who was still kneeling close to her father’s bed-side. I observed her with some curiosity as this mandate was issued. She became very pale, clasped her hands convulsively, but neither moved nor made any reply.

‘Get me an ingot, I say!’ reiterated the alchemist passionately.

She fixed her large eyes imploringly upon him. Her lips quivered, and two huge tears rolled slowly down her white cheeks.

‘Obey me, wretched girl,’ cried the old man in an agitated voice, ‘or I swear by all that I reverence in Heaven and earth, that I will lay my curse upon you forever!’

I felt for an instant that I ought perhaps to interfere, and spare the girl the anguish that she was so evidently suffering; but a powerful curiosity to see how this strange scene would terminate withheld me.

The last threat of her father, uttered as it was with a terrible vehemence, seemed to appall Marian. She rose with a sudden leap, as if a serpent had stung her, and rushing into an inner apartment, returned with a small object in her hand, which she placed in my hand, and then flung herself in a chair in a distant corner of the room weeping bitterly.

‘You see — you see,’ said the old man sarcastically, ‘how reluctantly she parts with it. Take it, Sir, it is yours.’

It was a small bar of metal. I examined it carefully, poised it in my hand — the color, weight, every thing announced that it really was gold.

‘You doubt its genuineness, perhaps?’ continued the alchemist. ‘There are acids on yonder table — test it.’

I confess that I *did* doubt its genuineness, but after I had acted upon the old man’s suggestion, all further suspicion was rendered impossible. It was gold of the highest purity. I was astounded. Was then, after all, this man’s tale a truth? Was his daughter, that fair, angelic-looking creature a demon of avarice, or a slave to worse passions? I felt bewildered. I had never met with any thing so incomprehensible. I looked from father to daughter in the blindest amazement. I suppose that my countenance betrayed my astonishment, for the old man said:

‘I perceive that you are surprised. Well, that is natural. You had a right to think me mad, until I proved myself sane.’

‘But, Mr. Blakelock,’ I said, ‘I really cannot take this gold. I have no right to it. I cannot in justice charge so large a fee.’

‘Take it — take it,’ he answered impatiently, ‘your fee will amount to that before I am well; beside,’ he added mysteriously, ‘I wish to secure your friendship. I wish that you should protect me from Her,’ and he pointed his poor bandaged hand at Marian.

My eye followed his gesture, and I caught the glance that replied. A glance of horror, distrust, despair. The beautiful face was distorted into positive ugliness.

'It's all true,' I thought, 'she is the demon that her father represents her.'

I now rose to go. This domestic tragedy sickened me. This treachery of blood against blood was too horrible to witness. I wrote a prescription for the old man, left directions as to the renewal of the dressings upon his burns, and bidding him good night hastened towards the door.

While I was fumbling on the dark, crazy landing for the staircase, I felt a hand laid on my arm.

'Doctor,' whispered a voice that I recognized as Marian Blakelock's, 'Doctor, have you any compassion in your heart?'

'I hope so,' I answered shortly, shaking off her hand — her touch filled me with loathing.

'Hush! don't talk so loud. If you have any pity in your nature, give me back, I entreat of you, that gold ingot which my father gave you this evening.'

'Great Heaven!' said I, 'can it be possible that so fair a woman can be such a mercenary, shameless wretch?'

'Ah! you know not — I cannot tell you! Do not judge me harshly. I call God to witness that I am not what you deem me. Some day or other you will know — but,' she added, interrupting herself, 'the ingot — where is it? I must have it. My life depends on your giving it to me.'

'Take it, impostor!' I cried, placing it in her hand, that closed on it with a horrible eagerness. 'I never intended to keep it. Gold made under the same roof that covers such as you, must be accursed.'

So saying, heedless of the nervous effort she made to detain me, I stumbled down the stairs and walked hastily home.

The next morning while I was in my office, smoking my matutinal cigar, and speculating over the singular character of my acquaintances of last night, the door opened, and Marian Blakelock entered. She had the same look of terror that I had observed the evening before, and she panted as if she had been running fast.

'Father has got out of bed,' she gasped out, 'and insists on going on with his alchemy. Will it kill him?'

'Not exactly,' I answered coldly. 'It were better that he kept quiet, so as to avoid the chance of inflammation. However, you need not to be alarmed, his burns are not at all dangerous, although painful.'

'Thank God — thank God!' she cried in the most impassionate accents, and before I was aware of what she was doing, she seized my hand and kissed it.

'There, that will do,' I said, withdrawing my hand, 'you are under no obligations to me. You had better go back to your father.'

'I can't go,' she answered, 'you despise me — is it not so?'

I made no reply.

'You think me a monster — a criminal. When you went home last night, you were wonder-struck that so vile a creature as I should have so fair a face.'

'You embarrass me, Madam,' I said in my most chilling tone. 'Pray, relieve me from this unpleasant position.'

'Wait! I cannot bear that you should think ill of me. You are good and kind, and I desire to possess your esteem. You little know how I love my father.'

I could not restrain a bitter smile.

'You do not believe that? Well, I will convince you. I have had a hard struggle all last night with myself, but am now resolved. This life of deceit must continue no longer. Will you hear my vindication?'

I nodded my head. The wonderful melody of her voice, and the purity of her features were charming me once more. I half believed in her innocence already.

'My father has told you a portion of his history. But he did not tell you that his continued failures in his search after the secret of metallic transmutation nearly killed him. Two years ago, he was on the verge of the grave, working every day at his mad pursuit, and every day growing weaker and more emaciated. I saw that if his mind was not relieved in some way, he would die. The thought was madness to me, for I loved him — I love him still as a daughter never loved a father before. During all these years of poverty I had supported the house with my needle; it was hard work, but I did it — I do it still!'

'What?' I cried startled, 'does not ——'

'Patience. Hear me out. My father was dying of disappointment. I must save him. By incredible exertions, sitting up all night, and working with enormous rapidity, I saved about thirty-five dollars in notes. These I exchanged for gold, and one day when my father was not looking, I cast them into the crucible in which he was making one of his vain attempts at transmutation. God, I am sure, will pardon me the deception. I never anticipated the misery it would lead to.

'I never beheld any thing like the joy of my poor father, when, after emptying his crucible, he found a deposit of pure gold at the bottom. He wept, and danced, and sang, and built such castles in the air, that my brain turned to hear him. He gave me the ingot to keep, and went to work at his alchemy with renewed vigor. The same thing occurred. He always found the same quantity of gold in his crucible. I alone knew the secret. He was happy, poor man, for nearly two years, in the belief that he was amassing a fortune. I all the while plied my needle for our daily bread. When he asked me for his savings, the first stroke fell upon me. Then it was that I recognized the folly of my conduct. I could give him no money. I never had any — while he believed that I had fourteen thousand dollars. My heart was nearly broken when I found that he had conceived the most injurious suspicions against me. Yet I could not blame him. I could give no account of the treasure, I had permitted him to believe was in my possession. I must suffer the penalty of my fault, for to undeceive him would be, I felt, to kill him. I remained silent then and suffered.

'You know the rest. You now know why it was that I was reluctant to give you that ingot — why it was that I degraded myself so far as to ask it back. It was the only means I had of continuing a deception on which I believed my father's life depended. But that delusion has been dispelled. I can live this life of hypocrisy no longer. I cannot exist, and hear my father, whom I love so, wither me daily with his curses. I will undeceive him this very day — will you come with me, for I fear the effect on his enfeebled frame?'

'Willingly,' I answered, taking her by the hand, 'and I think that no absolute danger need be apprehended. Now, Marian,' I added, 'let me ask forgiveness for my having even for a moment wounded so noble a heart. You are truly as great a martyr, as any of those whose sufferings the Church perpetuates in altar-pieces.'

'I knew you would do me justice when you knew all,' she sobbed pressing my hand, 'but come. I am on fire. Let us hasten to my father's, and break this terror to him.'

WHEN we reached the old alchemist's room, we found him busily engaged over a crucible which was placed on a small furnace, and in which some indistinguishable mixture was boiling. He looked up as we entered.

'No fear of me, Doctor,' he said with a ghastly smile, 'no fear. I must not allow a little physical pain to interrupt my great work, you know. By the way, you are just in time. In a few moments the marriage of the Red King and White Queen will be accomplished, as George Ripley calls the great act, in his book entitled, *'The Twelve Gates.'* Yes, Doctor, in less than ten minutes you will see me make pure, red, shining gold!' And the poor old man smiled triumphantly, and stirred his foolish mixture with a long rod, which he held with difficulty in his bandaged hands. It was a grievous sight for a man of any feeling to witness.

'Father,' said Marian in a low, broken voice, advancing a little toward the poor old dupe, 'I want your forgiveness.'

'Ah, Hypocrite! for what? Are you going to give me back my gold?'

'No, father, but for the deception that I have been practising on you for two years —'

'I knew it — I knew it,' shouted the old man with a radiant countenance. 'She has concealed my fourteen thousand dollars all this time, and now comes to restore them. I will forgive her. Where are they, Marian?'

'Father — it must come out. You never made any gold. It was I who saved up thirty-five dollars, and I used to slip them into your crucible when your back was turned — and I did it only because I saw that you were dying of disappointment. It was wrong, I know — but, father, I meant well. You'll forgive me, won't you?'

And the poor girl advanced a step towards the alchemist. He grew deathly pale, and staggered as if about to fall. The next in-

stant, though, he recovered himself, and burst into a horrible sardonic laugh. Then he said in tones full of the bitterest irony:

‘A conspiracy, is it? Well done, Doctor! You think to reconcile me with this wretched girl by trumping up this story, that I have been for two years a dupe of her filial piety. It’s clumsy, Doctor, and is a total failure. Try again.’

‘But I assure you, Mr. Blakelock,’ I said as earnestly as I could, ‘I believe your daughter’s statements to be perfectly true. You will find it to be so, as she has got the ingot in her possession which so often deceived you into the belief that you made gold, and this you will certainly find, that no transmutation has taken place in your crucible.’

‘Doctor,’ said the old man in tones of the most settled conviction, ‘you are a fool. That girl has wheedled you. In less than a minute I will turn you out a piece of gold, purer than any the earth produces. Will that convince you?’

‘That will convince me,’ I answered. By a gesture I imposed silence on Marian, who was about to speak — as I thought it was better to allow the old man to be his own undeceiver — and we awaited the coming crisis.

The old man, still smiling with anticipated triumph, kept bending eagerly over his crucible, stirring the mixture with his rod, and muttering to himself all the time. ‘Now,’ I heard him say, ‘it changes. There — there’s the scum. And now the green and bronze shades flit across it. Oh! the beautiful green! The precursor of the golden-red hue, that tells of the end attained. Ah! now the golden-red is coming — slowly — slowly! It deepens, it shines, it is dazzling! Ah! I have it!’ So saying he caught up his crucible in a chemist’s tongs, and bore it slowly toward the table on which stood a brass vessel.

‘Now, incredulous doctor!’ he cried, ‘come, and be convinced,’ and immediately commenced carefully pouring the contents of the crucible into the brass vessel. When the crucible was quite empty, he turned it up, and called me again. ‘Come, Doctor, come, and be convinced. See for yourself.’

‘See first if there is any gold in your crucible,’ I answered without moving.

He laughed, shook his head derisively, and looked into the crucible. In a moment he grew pale as death.

‘Nothing!’ he cried. ‘Oh! a jest! a jest! There must be gold somewhere. Marian!’

‘The gold is here, father,’ said Marian, drawing the ingot from her pocket; ‘it is all we ever had.’

‘Ah!’ shrieked the poor old man, as he let the empty crucible fall, and staggered toward the ingot which Marian held out to him. He made three steps, and then fell on his face. Marian rushed toward him, and tried to lift him, but could not. I put her aside gently, and placed my hand on his heart.

‘Marian,’ said I, ‘it is perhaps better as it is. He is dead!’



## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH. .

BY ROBERT T. MACCOUN, U. S. N.

## I.

THE subtle fluid that was tamed  
By FRANKLIN'S magic skill ;  
That MORSE by Science has enchained,  
To serve the human will :

## II.

Whose lightning course has banished Space,  
And leaves slow Time behind,  
Is destined soon two kindred lands  
By closer ties to bind.

## III.

Old England and her goodly son,  
So near allied by blood,  
Are soon to press each other's hands  
Across the mighty flood :

## IV.

And through a slender nerve of thought  
Stretched from each kindred shore,  
Perpetual peace and harmony  
Shall flow for evermore.

## V.

The great Atlantic Telegraph  
A golden link will be  
In bold Progression's lengthening chain —  
A step in History !

## VI.

Yet this long cord stretched o'er the sea,  
By Albion and her son,  
Is but a tithe of that great work  
The world has just begun :

## VII.

Around the globe, from east to west,  
The electric road shall run,  
Spreading each day to all mankind  
The work that has been done.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE PARA PAPERS. By GEORGE LEIGHTON DITSON. Paris: FOWLER, 6 Rue Montpensier. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

IN christening this delightful record of travels, the author gave evidence of excessive and unnecessary modesty; for a *pará*, as the reader will understand, is one of the smallest of Oriental coins. Such delicacy on the part of the author, however, shall not tempt us into under-valuing his pleasantly written-down experiences in France, Egypt, and Ethiopia. Mr. DITSON passes over ground that has been worn nearly smooth by pilgrim feet; but he gives us fresh and charming pictures of the familiar places. The fact is, it is not of so much importance where a man has been, as what he says about it! An observant man will be new and entertaining any where, whether he is fishing off of 'Pier Nine, East-River,' or walking around the Pyramids. Mr. DITSON, then, has managed to make a fascinating book out of materials that may be said to have 'a very ancient and fish-like smell.' He was wise enough to travel with his eyes wide open, and consequently (having a gift of pen) does not put his readers to sleep. We say this much for the present. The volume came to us as we were going to press, or we should have ventured on a criticism more commensurate with its many and peculiar merits.

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THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA. By GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS. New-York: CHARLES B. NORTON.

THE ancient and *siempre fiel Ciudad de San Augustin* has found a most admirable historian in the Vice-President of the 'Florida Historical Society.' It was a happy suggestion which led the author to turn a brief lecture on the antiquities of the 'pleasant citie' into a volume like this. The events with which the author deals are among the most romantic passages of our early history. The wild search of PONCE DE LEON for the waters of perpetual youth; the discovery of Florida; the inhuman cruelty of the fanatical Adelantado, and the sad fortunes of RIBAUT, SANDONNIERE, and other noble gentlemen, have an enchanting air of fiction about them. Since PRESCOTT's 'Conquest of Mexico,' we have read nothing of the kind with such deep interest.

A FEW VERSES FOR A FEW FRIENDS. By JAMES T. FIELDS. Riverside Press: Printed by N. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY, Cambridge.

NEXT to being 'a dear, delightful poet,' we should most desire to be a printer like HOUGHTON. Was there ever any thing so dainty (if we except the poems) as this antique type, this ivory paper, and these distracting little tail-pieces? *Apropos* of the poems: we do n't know if we are quite at liberty to praise them. The volume is not published 'in the old orthodox way,' but was gotten up and adorned entirely by Mr. HOUGHTON, the Cambridge printer, as a specimen of his art. The fortunate author had no hand in it—only his 'poetical feet!' Even though we touch on delicate ground, and have to 'walk through Time' unpardoned, we must ask the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER if there is n't the tremble of dew-drops with the smell of young leaves in these delicious verses:

'Sit and talk with the mountain streams  
In the beautiful spring of the year,  
When the violet gleams through the golden sun-beams,  
And whispers: 'Come look for me here,'  
In the beautiful spring of the year.

'I will show you a glorious nook  
Where the censers of morning are swung  
Nature will lend you her bell and her book  
Where the chimes of the forest are hung,  
And the censers of morning are swung.

'Come and breathe in this heaven-sent air,  
The breeze that the wild-bird inhales,  
Come and forget that life has a care,  
In these exquisite mountain gales:  
The breeze that the wild-bird inhales.

'O wonders of God! O BOUNTIFUL and GOOD!  
We feel that Thy presence is here:  
That THINE audible voice is abroad in this wood  
In the beautiful spring of the year:  
And we know that our FATHER is here.'

A HAND-BOOK ON PROPERTY LAW. By Lord St. LEONARDS. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS.

If we may credit the titles of several modern publications — 'Every Man his own Architect,' 'The Household Physician,' 'Greek without a Master,' etc., etc. — there will eventually be 'a dying out' of the professions. As far as the law faculty goes, this little book will not cause the suspension of that amiable body, though it is a useful work, conveying practical information on questions which arise daily in mercantile and domestic relations. In many cases, a careful reference to this volume would render legal advice superfluous. The author does not perplex his text with technical phrases, and any man who can read 'English undefiled' will be able to infer his meaning.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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LITERARY OCCUPATIONS OF SYDNEY SMITH'S EARLY YEARS. — The other day, while awaiting dinner at 'Brookside,' the pretty name of a tasteful residence and liberal estate of a country neighbor and friend, we passed a pleasant half-hour in his small but well-selected library: and so it was that we came across a book, printed long ago, the contents of which came from the late SYDNEY SMITH'S brain and lips, before we had emerged from the 'dim backward and abyss of time:' namely: his '*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*,' originally delivered before the Royal Institution of London. Eight years have elapsed since the book was published, yet we now saw it for the first time. Very eagerly did we devour it: for SYDNEY SMITH never wrote *any* thing which was not characterized by originality of thought and a felicity of execution altogether *sui generis*. Immediately after SYDNEY SMITH'S death, his excellent widow, with a loving regard for her departed husband's fame, had the volume before us privately printed, 'in the hope that his remaining friends would feel some interest in the occupations of his earlier years:' whereupon many eminent persons counselled their publication; among whom was Lord JEFFREY, who had years before entertained a very different opinion: but in a letter to Mrs. SMITH, written only three days before his last sudden and fatal illness, he revises his former literary judgment: confesses that he finds the book much more original, interesting, and instructive than he had anticipated; adding: 'I cannot rest, until I have made some amends for the rash and I fear somewhat ungracious judgment which I passed upon it, after perusing a portion of the manuscript some years ago. I must have been unfortunate in the selection, or chance, by which I was directed to them. However that may be, I am now satisfied that in what I then said, I did great and grievous injustice to the merit of these Lectures, and was quite wrong in dissuading their publication.' Lord JEFFREY even goes farther, and frankly affirms it as his opinion that they were calculated, many of them, to do the author as much credit as any thing he ever wrote; conveying, as they did, a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a truer and more engaging view of his character, than most of the world had yet seen of his writings: 'The book seems to me full of good sense, acuteness, and right feeling; very clearly and pleasingly written; and with such an admirable mixture of logical intrepidity, with the absence of all dog-

matism, as is rarely met with in the conduct of such discussions.' This 'tardy confession' was due not less to JEFFREY than to his friend; and it is greatly to the honor of the eminent reviewer that it was so cordially rendered. But proceed we to a consideration of the volume before us. In his opening lecture, announcing the character of the course, the 'moral philosopher' remarks: 'There is a word of dire sound and horrible import which I would fain have kept concealed if I possibly could; but as this is not feasible, I shall even meet the danger at once, and get out of it as well as I can. The word to which I allude is that very tremendous one of *Metaphysics*; which, in a lecture on Moral Philosophy, seems likely to produce as much alarm as the cry of fire in a crowded play-house, when BELVIDERA is left to weep by herself, and every one saves himself in the best manner he can. I must beg my audience, however, to sit quiet, till they hear what can be said in defence of Metaphysics, and in the mean time to make use of the language which the manager would probably adopt on such an occasion: I can assure ladies and gentlemen, there is not the smallest degree of danger.' Speaking of the vigor and acuteness which the science of Moral Philosophy is apt to communicate to the faculties, he observes: 'The slow and cautious pace of mathematics is not fit for the rough road of life; it teaches no habits which will be of use to us when we come to march in good earnest: it will not do, when men come to real business, to be calling for axioms, and definitions, and to admit nothing without full proof, and perfect deduction; we must decide sometimes upon the slightest evidence, catch the faintest surmise, and get to the end of an affair before a mathematical head could decide about its commencement.' This brief tribute to the science he was about to discuss in his lectures, closes his introductory:

'Moral Philosophy gradually subjects the most impetuous feelings to patient examination and wise control: it inures the youthful mind to intellectual difficulty, and to enterprise in thinking; and makes it as keen as an eagle, and as unwearied as the wing of an angel. In looking round the region of spirit, from the mind of the brute and the reptile, to the sublimest exertions of the human understanding, this philosophy lays deep the foundations of a fervent and grateful piety, for those intellectual riches which have been dealt out to us with no scanty measure. With sensation alone, we might have possessed the earth, as it is possessed by the lowest order of beings: but we have talents which bend *all* the laws of nature to our service; memory for the past, providence for the future: senses which mingle pleasure with intelligence, the surprise of novelty, the boundless energy of imagination, accuracy in comparing, and severity in judging; an original affection, which binds us together in society; a swiftness to pity; a fear of shame; a love of esteem; a detestation of all that is cruel, mean, and unjust. All these things Moral Philosophy observes, and, observing, adores the Being from whence they proceed.'

In the second lecture, opening the history of Moral Philosophy, allusion is made to SOCRATES, and a slight sketch is given of his moral doctrines, which comprehended no more than every person, of education, of the present era, has been accustomed to hear from his childhood:

'But two thousand years ago, they were great discoveries: two thousand years since, common-sense was not invented. If ORPHEUS, or LINUS, or any of those melodious moralists, sung in bad verses, such advice as a grand-mamma would now give to a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues and altars were erected to his memory. In HESIOD there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces: and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of PYTHAGORAS and MRS. TRIMMER: both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore,

to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind from the pernicious subtleties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings, to the practical rules of life; he was the great father and inventor of common-sense, as CERES was of the plough, and BACCHUS of intoxication. First he taught his cotemporaries that they did not know what they pretended to know; then he showed them that they knew nothing; then he told them what they ought to know. Lastly, to sum up the praise of SOCRATES, remember that two thousand years ago, while men were worshipping the stones on which they trod, and the insects which crawled beneath their feet; two thousand years ago, with the bowl of poison in his hand, SOCRATES said: 'I am persuaded that my death, which is now just coming, will conduct me into the presence of the gods, who are the most righteous governors, and into the society of just and good men; and I derive confidence from the hope that something of man remains after death, and that the condition of good men will then be much better than that of the bad.' Soon after this he covered himself up with his cloak and expired.'

This, while it embodies a truth not definitely considered by the majority of Christendom, is exceedingly characteristic of the playfully-satirical style of the author's later writings. To PLATO, the most celebrated disciple of the 'Academic school,' he renders due homage for the 'majestic beauty of his style, the vigor and the magnitude of his conceptions;' but his philosophical tenets are pronounced 'a ha' pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack.' His 'philosophy' is thus set forth:

'His notion was, that the principles out of which the world was composed were three in number; the subject matter of things, their specific essences, and the sensible objects themselves. These last he conceived to have no probable or durable existence, but to be always in a state of fluctuation: but then there were certain everlasting patterns and copies, from which every thing had been made, and which he denominated their specific essences. For instance, the individual rose which I smell at this instant, or a particular pony upon which I cast my eye, are objects of sense which have no durable existence; the individual idea I have of them this moment is not numerically the same as the idea which I had the moment before; just as the river which I pass now is not the same river which I passed half-an-hour before, because the individual water in which I trod has glided away: therefore these appearances of the rose, and the pony, are of very little importance; but there is somewhere or other an eternal pony, and an eternal rose, after the pattern of which one and the other have been created. The same with actions as with things. If PLATO had seen one person make a bow to another, he would have said that the particular bow was a mere *visible species*; but there was an unchanging bow which had existed from all eternity, and which was the model and archetype and specific essence of all other bows. But, says PLATO, all things in this world are individuals. We see *this* man, and *that* man, and the other *man*; but *a* man—the general notion of a man—we do not and cannot gain from our senses; therefore we have existed in some previous state, where we have gained these notions of universal natures.'

The witty satirist would seem to have had no very exalted opinion of the Epicureans, and the doctrines which they taught: 'A set of grammivorous metaphysicians, living together in a garden, and employing their whole time in acts of benevolence toward each other, carries with it such an air of romance, that I am afraid it must be considerably lowered, and rendered more tasteless, before it can be brought down to the standard of credibility, and the probabilities of real life.' The absurdity of some of the pseudo-philosophical ideas of EPICURUS are admirably hit off: as for example: 'Sense, he was of opinion, could never be deceived; though the judgment founded upon the representations of the senses might be either true or false. For instance, if a person of imperfect sight were to mistake the head of a post for the head of a cow, EPICURUS would contend that the eye conveyed to the mind a notice of every ray of light that acted upon it in this instance, and that the mind had determined hastily upon the evidence presented to it. Every opinion he thought to be



true which was attested, or not contradicted, by the senses.' And thus with justice: 'If one boy abstain from taking away another boy's pie, it is not because he receives any pleasure from *not* taking away the pie, but because he wishes to avoid certain *consequences* which would follow the seizure. Such was the idea EPICURUS had of virtue.' In closing this lecture, there is a very characteristic 'touch' of the witty prebend: 'I might say a great deal more upon the philosophy of EPICURUS; but I must not forget one of his habits in philosophizing, which I dare say will meet with the hearty approbation of every body here present; and that was, never to extend any single lecture to an unreasonable period: in imitation of which Epicurean practice, I shall conclude, and finish the history of moral philosophy at our next meeting.' The condensed knowledge embraced in the ensuing lecture, will remind the reader of certain matter-full pages of quaint old BURTON. The beliefs of the entire race of so-called 'philosophers' pass in rapid but intelligent review. This was one of DESCARTES' theories: 'Rejecting the doctrines of the Peripatetics, he conjectured boldly that the heavenly bodies of our system are carried round by a vortex or whirlpool of subtile matter, just as straws and chaff are carried round in a tub of water. He conjectured, that the soul is seated in a small gland in the brain, called the *pineal gland*; that there, as in her chamber of presence, she receives intelligence of every thing that affects the senses, by means of a subtile fluid contained in the nerves, called the animal spirits; and that she dispatches these animal spirits, as her messengers, to put in motion the several muscles of the body, as there is occasion. By such conjectures as these, DESCARTES could account for every phenomenon in nature, in such a plausible manner, as gave satisfaction to a great part of the learned world for more than half a century.' Touching one 'principle' of the 'metaphysical lunatics' whom he had been discussing, as BERKELEY, COLLIER, and two or three others, he observes: 'Bishop BERKELEY says, 'There is a moon, an image coming from the moon, an idea excited by that image, and a mind in which that image exists. You allow that you do not see the objects themselves, but only certain representatives of those objects: therefore, as you never see the objects themselves, what proof have you of their existence? You have none: and all your notions on this subject are fallacious. There is no sun, no moon, no stars, nor earth, nor sea: they are all notions of the mind.' To which the acute lecturer replies, that such reasoning may be applied with equal justice to every radical truth: 'Who can prove his own personal identity? A man may think himself a clergyman, and believe that he has preached for these ten years last past: but I defy him to offer any sort of *proof* that he has not been a fishmonger all the time! All reasoning must end in arbitrary belief. We must, at last, come to that point where the only reply can be, '*I am so*: this belief is the constitution of my nature: God willed it.' I grant that this reasoning is a ready asylum for ignorance and imbecility, and that it affords too easy a relief from the pain of rendering a reason: but the most unwearied vigor of human talents must at last end there: the wisdom of ages can get no farther: here, after all, the Porch, the Garden, the Academy, the Lyceum, must close their labors.' Very impressive and beautiful, to our conception, is the subjoined tribute to the great British masters of the science of Moral Philosophy:

'We will allow to other countries the most splendid efforts of genius directed to this object; but they have passed away, and are now no more than beautiful and stupendous errors. We will give up to them the mastery in all that class of men who can diffuse over bad and unsocial principles, the charms of eloquence and wit; but the great teachers of mankind, big with better hopes than their own days could supply; who have looked backward to the errors, and forward to the progress of mankind; who have searched for knowledge only from experience, and applied it only to the promotion of human happiness; who have disdained paradox and impiety, and coveted no other fame than that which was founded upon the modest investigation of truth; such men have sprung from this country, and have shed upon it the everlasting lustre of their names. DESCARTES has perished, LEIBNITZ is fading away; but BACON, and LOCKE, and NEWTON remain, as the Danube and the Alps remain: the learned examine them, and the ignorant, who forget lesser streams and humbler hills, remember them as the glories and prominences of the world. And let us never, in thinking of perpetuity and duration, confine that notion to the physical works of nature, and forget the eternity of fame. God has shown His power in the stars and the firmament, in the aged hills, and in the perpetual streams; but he has shown it as much, in the minds of the greatest of human beings. HOMER and VIRGIL and MILTON, and LOCKE and BACON and NEWTON, are as great as the hills and the streams; and will endure till heaven and earth shall pass away, and the whole fabric of nature is shaken into dissolution and eternal ashes.'

In opening his lecture 'On the Powers of External Perception,' we find these peculiarly SMITHIAN or SMITHY remarks: 'I promised, in the beginning of these lectures, to be very dull and unamusing; and I am of opinion that I have hitherto acted up to the spirit of my contract; but if there should perchance exist in any man's mind the slightest suspicion of my good faith, I think this day's lecture will entirely remove that suspicion, and that I shall turn out to be a man of unsullied veracity.' In the course of this division of his subject are mentioned several remarkable instances of the substitution of one sense for another: one especially of a blind man almost from infancy, who was at first a wagoner through intricate, snow-covered roads, and then a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts of the country. The lecturer had often seen him, with the assistance only of a long staff, traversing roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situations; presenting afterward the most accurate estimate and exhibit of each. He constructed some of the most important roads in Great-Britain, and altered the line of others, such as that over the great Peak in Derbyshire. Speaking of the manner in which the blind were taught to read by raised letters, 'feeling their way through HOMER and VIRGIL,' the lecturer remarks, whimsically enough: 'Just in the same manner, I should not be surprised if the alphabet could be taught by a series of well-contrived flavors; and we may even live to see the day when men may be taught to smell out their learning, and when a fine scenting day shall be considered as a day peculiarly favorable to study.' Adverting to the mode of discovering distance by the distinctness or indistinctness of color, as a reason why we mistake the size of objects in a fog, he remarks in the same amusing vein: 'A little gentleman who understands optics may always be sure to enjoy a temporary elevation in a fog; and by walking out in that state of the weather, will be quite certain of being mistaken for a man six feet high.' To which it might be added, that, intellectually speaking, many a small man has a similar fancy, whether there be fog or not—outside of his own head, at least. He omits to speak of 'the moral method of measuring distances; the distance from home to school, in the days of our youth, being generally double the dis-

tance from school to home; and so with all other passions which quicken or retard the feeling of time.'

A fragment only is given of the lecture 'On Conception,' portions of it having been mislaid or destroyed. Enough, however, is preserved to make us lament the loss of the remainder. Observe the 'side-hit' contained in the following illustration of the comparative effect upon the mind of sound and light sleep: 'A person may, in some cases, sleep so soundly, that the firing a pistol close to his ear will not rouse him; at other times the slightest sensation of light or noise will rouse him. A sort of intermediate state between these two is that where the sensation comes to the mind in so imperfect a state, that it produces some effect upon the current of conceptions without correcting them. If there is a window left open, and the cold air blows in, the sufferer may think himself on the top of Mount Caucasus, buried in the snow; or the cat making a noise shall immediately transport him in imagination to the opera!' We trust that our old friend BARNUM'S renowned LUMLEY Opera Troupe may disabuse the music-loving reader of this last impression, asleep or awake. In the division of his series which treats upon 'Memory,' SYDNEY SMITH expresses his lack of faith in the usefulness of habitually writing down facts and events which it is desirable to remember; that are taken down for future consideration, and consequently receive very little present consideration. He contends that we should carry our knowledge about with us, as we carry our health about with us: the one should be proved by the vigor of our thoughts, as the other should be exhibited in the alacrity of our actions. 'I would as soon call a man healthy,' he says, 'who had a physician's prescription in his pocket which he could take and recover from, as I would say that a man had knowledge who had no other proof of it to afford than a pile of closely-written common-place books:' a well-deserved rebuke of the habit of 'atoning for the passive indolence of the mind by the mechanical labor of the hands.' We make no apology for the space occupied by the annexed splendid passage, which concludes the lecture on 'The Conduct of the Understanding:'

'WHILE I am descanting so minutely upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask: 'Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?' What is the use of so much knowledge?—what is the use of so much life!—what are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us—and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher, as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present: for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains; it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched. Upon something it *must* act and feed; upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coëval with life, what do I say, but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you; which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world; that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud. Therefore, if any young man here have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she

springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows, in all the relations and in all the offices of life.'

In his remarks 'On Wit and Humor,' the lecturer expresses a contemptuous opinion of puns, as being of a low order of wit, and held 'in bad repute in good company, as they ought to be.' He cites one 'good in its kind,' however:

'MISS HAMILTON, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game*: and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression.'

With all his dislike of puns, our 'dissenter' sometimes sinned in that kind himself: as when (after having been 'bitten' by Pennsylvania stocks) he said, in reply to a friend who expressed envy of his eminent position in the church and in society: 'I would that thou this day were not only almost but altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*.' Another scriptural pun is contained in his reply to a letter from LANDSEER, the celebrated animal-painter: 'Is thy servant *a dog*, that he should do this thing?' We hold with SYDNEY SMITH, however: a 'play upon words' merely, is the poorest and easiest species of mis-called wit. 'In the same lecture, advertent to that species of humor which consists in the incongruous 'conjunction of objects and circumstances not usually combined,' or what would generally be considered as 'rather troublesome, and not to be desired,' he discriminates as follows: 'If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse every body about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here, every incident heightens the humor of the scene: the gayety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage.' 'But,' he adds, 'I should like to know if any man living could have laughed, if he had seen Sir ISAAC NEWTON rolling in the mud? Where is the heart so hard that could bear to see the awkward resources and contrivances of the poor turned into ridicule? Who could laugh at the fractured, ruined body of a soldier? Who is so wicked as to amuse himself with the infirmities of extreme old age? — or to find subject for humor in the weakness of a perishing, dissolving body!' There ensues a 'slap' at 'charades,' the smallest kind of small humor, which we are glad to see, and in

the justice of which we cordially concur: 'I shall say nothing of charades, and such sorts of unpardonable trumpery: if charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy, the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dulness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth.' Much more is there in the two dissertations upon wit and humor which we reluct at passing, but pass them we must: all save these admirable thoughts upon the uses and influence of true wit and humor:

'WHEN wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness; teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile; extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this, is surely the *flavor of the mind*. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'

In his remarks upon 'Taste,' Sir SYDNEY takes occasion, in *his* way, to refute the doctrine of certain Scottish moral philosophers, that the senses, according to the scheme of nature, are the channels of intelligence, never the sources of gratification:

'I should like to try a Scotch gentleman, upon his first arrival in this country, with the taste of ripe fruit, and leave him to judge after that, whether nature had confined the senses to such dry and ungracious occupations, as whether mere matter could produce emotion. Such doctrines may do very well in the chambers of a northern metaphysician, but they are untenable in the light of the world; they are refuted, nobly refuted, twenty times in a year, at Fishmongers' Hall. If you deny that matter can produce emotion, judge on these civic occasions, of the power of gusts, and relishes, and flavors. . . . Is there here nothing but mere sensation? is there no emotion, no panting, no wheezing, no deglutition? is this the calm acquisition of intelligence, and the quiet office ascribed to the senses? — or is it a proof that Nature has infused into her original creations, the power of gratifying that sense which distinguishes them, and to every atom of matter has added an atom of joy?'

Alluding, in this connection, to sensations which are sometimes ludicrous, sometimes sublime, and sometimes pathetic, according to their associations, he says: 'So with a hiss: a hiss is either foolish, or tremendous, or sublime. The hissing of a pancake is absurd: the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit on the evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him curse himself and his THALIA; the hissing of a cobra di capello is sublime — it is the whisper of death!' How strikingly discriminative are these illustrative comparisons! The next lecture is upon 'The Sublime.' It is illustrated by many instances of true sublimity; and among the examples cited is this: 'The death of General Wolfe is sublime, from the love of life being so entirely swallowed up in the love of glory: toward the end of the battle he received a new wound in the breast; he was immediately conveyed behind the rear rank, and laid upon the ground. Soon after, a shout was heard, and one of the officers who stood by him exclaimed: 'How they



run!' The dying hero asked, with some emotion, 'Who run?' 'The enemy,' replied the officer; 'they give way every where.' 'Now, God be praised!' says WOLFE; 'I shall die happy!' He then turned on his side, closed his eyes, and expired.' Now we once heard, when a lad, a red-nosed toper, with a 'cold id his head,' represent this same scene, and in verse too, with the charm of 'difficult music' in addition: yet SYDNEY SMITH himself would scarcely have pronounced it sublime. It ran as follows:

D'NE lifte'nd ump inz 'ead,  
N'wile the cad'nod'ns did rattle,  
Ad'nd tu hinz Nadekamp d'ne sayd,  
'N'dhow goes the Bantle?'  
D'niz Nadekamp re'mply'd,  
'Tinz id'n our fa-vor:'  
'N'do then,' brave WOLFE he sayd,  
'I die with much pled-zure!'

It would give us pleasure, in which our readers would share, to quote from the argumentative and closely-reasoned dissertation, in two 'sections,' upon 'The Beautiful;' but we must needs rest content with this exemplification, from the first, of the immense effect which it produces on human life:

'WHAT are half the crimes in the world committed for? What brings into action the best virtues? The desire of possessing. Of possessing what?—not mere money, but every species of the beautiful which money can purchase. A man lies hid in a little, dirty, smoky room for twenty years of his life, and sums up as many columns of figures as would reach round half the earth, if they were laid at length; he gets rich; what does he do with his riches? He buys a large, well-proportioned house: in the arrangement of his furniture, he gratifies himself with all the beauty which splendid colors, regular figures, and smooth surfaces, can convey; he has the beauties of variety and association in his grounds; the cup out of which he drinks his tea is adorned with beautiful figures; the chair in which he sits is covered with smooth, shining leather; his table-cloth is of the most beautiful damask; mirrors reflect the lights from every quarter of the room; pictures of the best masters feed his eye with all the beauties of imitation. A million of human creatures are employed in this country in ministering to this feeling of the beautiful. It is only a barbarous, ignorant people that can ever be occupied by the necessities of life *alone*. If to eat, and to drink, and to be warm, were the only passions of our minds, we should all be what the lowest of us all are at this day. The love of the beautiful calls man to fresh exertions, and awakes him to a more noble life; and the glory of it is, that as painters imitate, and poets sing, and statuary carve, and architects rear up the gorgeous trophies of their skill—as every thing becomes beautiful, and orderly, and magnificent—the activity of the mind rises to still greater, and to better objects.'

And with the annexed illustration of an action, which to the lecturer, (as well, doubtless, to his auditors,) 'conveyed as distinct a feeling of the beautiful as any landscape whatever:'

'A LONDON merchant, who, I believe, is still alive, while he was staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend, had come up a prize of twenty thousand pounds. Upon his arrival in London, he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. 'I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and I never thought of them afterward.' 'But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket, more than you?' 'Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours; and upon reopening the drawer, I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket.'

'Now this action,' adds 'Sir SYDNEY,' 'is the *beau-ideal* of morals, and gives that calm yet deep emotion of pleasure, which every one so easily receives from



the beauty of the exterior world.' The anecdote reminds *us* (by parity) however, of a similar 'present' which *we* once divided with a twin-brother: two 'blank' lottery tickets, after the drawing had been held, of which present we had our first notice, after it had proved to be valueless. We pass, with reluctance, the lectures upon 'The Sublime;' the 'Faculties of Animals and Men;' the 'Faculties of Beasts;' the 'Conduct of the Understanding;' 'On the Active Powers of the Mind,' etc.: pausing for a moment, however, to cite this brief yet comprehensive passage from the closing reflections 'on The Passions.'

'WHAT we do see and know with certainty of any human creature, is, whether he is lodged in marble or in clay; whether down or straw his bed; whether he is clothed in the purple of the world, or moulders in rags. The inward world, the man within the breast, the dominion of thought, the region of passion; all this we cannot penetrate: we can never tell how a kind and benevolent heart can cheer a desperate fortune; the comfort which the lowest man may feel in a spotless mind; the firmness which a man derives from loving justice; the glory with which he rebukes the bad emotion, and bids his passions be still. Therefore, not to the accidents of life, but to the fountains of thought, and to the springs of pleasure and pain, should the efforts of man be directed to rear up such sentiments as shall guard us from the pangs of envy; to make us rejoice in the happiness of every sentient being; to feel too happy ourselves for hatred and resentment; to forget the body, or to enslave it forever; seeking to purify, to exalt, and to refine our nature.'

In some desultory thoughts on 'Surprise, Novelty, and Variety,' we find the following, in illustration of the disposition which exists to class objects together which affect the mind in a similar manner. It is hardly possible that we can see any thing, without likening it to something which we have seen or conceived before: 'The inhabitants of Owhyhee had no animals larger than hogs, and when they saw a goat on board Captain Cook's ship, they called it a bird. Some white travellers, seized by the natives in the interior of Africa, were immediately pronounced to be a species of the monkey; and as the Indian corn had been lately very much plundered by that animal, they well nigh escaped being stoned to death.' The effects of suddenness, contrast, variety, and novelty upon the mind, in a state of rest, are forcibly depicted in the subjoined passage from a letter describing the earthquake at Lisbon:

'I WAS sitting playing with my kitten, and just going to breakfast. I had one slipper on, and the other was in pussy's mouth; when my attention was roused by the sudden sound of thunder; the floor heaved under me, and I saw the spire of the church of the Holy Virgin come tumbling to the ground, like a play-thing overturned by a child. I rushed into the street, unknowing what I did, and where I went; and beheld *such* a scene, as made it come into my mind, that the end of all things was at hand, and that this was the judgment-day appointed by God! By this time the air was filled with the screams of the mangled and the dying. The dwellings of men, the trophies of conquest, the temples of God, were falling all around me, and my escape appeared quite impossible. I made up my mind for death.'

A single characteristic illustration, from the closing lecture 'on Habit,' must bring our already extended review to a close: 'If a person, by accident, had lived with a great number of snuff-takers, and had been accustomed to perceive that in any little pause of conversation, they all took out their snuff-boxes, the silence would immediately produce the idea of snuff; and this we should call association of ideas; but if he were a snuff-taker himself, the silence would probably animate him to a pinch; and this we should call habit.' We have thus brought a pleasant task to its conclusion; and have only to hope that our readers have enjoyed, as we have, a volume mainly new to us, and doubtless an equal novelty to them.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — If you happen to lose your port-monnaie in a rail-car or on board a steamer, while on your summer-travels, reader, don't make yourself *too* unhappy about it, unless it contained your 'little all : ' but just open your travelling-bag, and take out '*Punch's Pocket-Book*,' which you will find *full*. We are assuming that the APPLETONS have supplied you with it before you shall have started. It contents present a curious medley, 'as you shall partly see' from the following desultory scrapplings. A few paragraphs from the '*Young Lady's Dream-Book*' are in order : a work intended as a 'Dreamer's Manual,' and containing several new dreams by the editors, who arranged express night-mares, exclusively for this publication. 'No lady's dressing-table can be considered properly furnished' without the work :

'ANT EATER : To dream that you were taken to see it means that you will soon be invited to dinner with your cousins. The dream is therefore good or bad according to the terms on which you are with your relatives.

'BABY : To dream that you, being single, are affectionately caressing one in the presence of FREDERIC, implies that you are a prudent girl, and will ere long meet your reward.

'MOUSTACHES : To dream of, if the wearer be under forty, is good. If he be over that age, be warned : he is a traitor of the deepest dye.

'RHINOCEROS : To dream that you are seated in a silver car on the back of a, with Prince ALBERT holding a brown gingham umbrella over you, and Mr. HARLEY and the Lord Chancellor strewing sugar-plums in your way, and that thus you go riding to St. PAUL's to deposit in triumph a golden crochet-hook and a raspberry tart, means that FREDERIC's salary will be raised one-third, that his uncle will furnish the house, and that his dear old mamma will present you with such a dinner and breakfast service. But you will be very lucky to dream this dream in the exact order required.

'ZEBRA : To dream you see, means that FREDERIC has gone and bought himself such a lovely striped waistcoat, just because you said you liked the pattern. Is n't he a dear ?'

There is a palpable 'letting down' of a celebrated naval hero, in the annexed moving' sketch :

'Among the numerous popular errors that descend from generation to generation, is the absurd notion that NELSON was always sea-sick in a naval engagement. We take leave to deny the preposterous supposition, for we defy any body suffering from sickness at sea to give an order for any thing — except perhaps a glass of brandy and water — which he might accomplish by a convulsive effort. If NELSON had really been sea-sick at the battle of Trafalgar, his celebrated speech delivered just before going into action, would have come down to posterity in the following form : 'England (*here Steward!*) expects (*a basin!*) that every man (*Steward, I say!*) this day will do (*Steward!*) his duty (*basin!*)'.

Also, there is a sly but potent satire in the subjoined brief extract. There are cases, with both sexes, single and otherwise, in which its undeniable truth will 'bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder :

'If he is irritated by any misfortune in his affairs, don't pursue the 'soothing system' with him, but put down his complaints by arguing that they are unfounded, and by ascribing his affliction entirely to his own fault. If, in one instance, he has been especially prudent, attribute the calamity to his over-caution ; if enterprising, to his recklessness. Whatever line of conduct you observe him to pursue, blame it ; so that when any disaster occurs to him, you may be in a position to tell him that it would not have happened if he had taken your advice. In all discussions wherein you may be engaged with him, if a word or action of his own can possibly be referred to either of two motives of opposite character, never fail to impute the meaner and the more foolish.'

The foregoing might be read to advantage in connection with this PUNCHISH

aphorism: 'Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them.' We have next some examples of '*Proverbial Philosophy*,' in imitation of that 'SOLOMON in ordinary to the British nation,' the immortal TUPPER, whose intensely platitudinarian 'utterances' contain few things in many words:

## I.

'An umbrella upon thine arm may make it ache, but should rain come, the umbrella will preserve thy clothes. Choose betwixt a trifling pain and a tailor's bill.

## II.

'THE girl who is destined to be thy wife, although now unknown to thee, is sure to be living somewhere or other. Hope, therefore, that she is quite well, and otherwise think politely about her.

## III.

'O how good was Nature, that placed great rivers near great towns!

## IV.

'I do not say to thee, 'Marry, for it will exalt thee;' yet was there subtle meaning in those whose usage it was to say: 'Marry, come up.'

## V.

'By a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a Lady-bird, and bidden to fly away home. The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

## VI.

'THE weather-cock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind; but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.'

'Something too much of this:' much better though it be than its model. PUNCH himself, in his '*Rude and Crude Observations*,' has a score of proverbial sayings, which are worth the 'sum-tottle' of TUPPER's labored and pompous nothings. Take only two as an example: 'The TRUTH, with 'Pure Country Milk,' lies at the bottom of a well.' As a corollary from this, may be considered this stanza from 'The Song of the Milk-Jug:'

'I know I am a mockery,  
I loathe my very name:  
Into the world of crockery  
I scarce know how I came.

'A milk-jug is an article  
We might as well put down:  
For, oh! there's not a particle  
Of genuine milk in town.'

This state of dubiety, among us, is not a little enhanced by the righteous crusade which has been waged against 'Swill-Milk.' This is the second 'proverbial' specimen, and it invokes and evolves a momentous truth: 'The dissipations that persons resort to, to drown care, are like the curtains which children in bed pull around them, to keep out the dark.' The hump-backed philosopher's poetical approval of 'Green-and-Black Mixed,' evinces an authentic taste. He 'hits the mark' to a TEA:

'YES! 'Tis in the tea-pot life's type may be seen,  
Reflection should on it be fixed;  
Existence is neither all black nor all green,  
Our joys and our sorrows are mixed.'

Our friends among the portrait-painters, especially if disposed to flatter their sitters, will be likely to appreciate this scale of prices, by one of their English brother-artists:

'A FASHIONABLE Portrait-Painter, whose name it would not be fair to his many

rivals to mention, when asked what are his terms, invariably answers: 'I have no scale of prices. In fact, I generally leave it open to the liberality of my patrons. I have but one rule to guide me in taking likenesses, and that, to be candid, is, 'Handsome *is*, who handsome *does*.'

Now, reader, we think we have made amends for the supposititious loss of your port-monnaie, unless, as we have hinted, there was *too* much in it, which, in these 'times,' is scarcely a supposable case. - - - THE reader will doubtless regard the accompanying flash of the PEPPERIAN genius with some surprise, by reason of the very remarkable changes observable in the author's style. Sentiment will be looked for in vain, in this effusion. Happiness almost seems to have 'spilet' his genius, in so far as the power of moving and touching his readers is concerned. He consoles us, however, by the cheerfulness, nay, even sprightliness and vivacity of his manner, and his homely attempts at joking; all of which would nearly have shocked us, in any former composition of his. Possibly some sudden affliction may yet throw him back upon his former wretched stand-point. Mr. PODB informs us that Mr. PEPPER finds himself much exhausted; the result, as he infers, of the gradual increase in unctuousness, from the beginning of the poem; its best being its latest strokes. This is unusual, except, perhaps, with kindred geniuses, like MILTON or TUPPER:

P E T E:

AN AVERIG POME, (FOR LENGTH:) DEDICAT TO L. GALERD CLARK.

BY MR. E. N. PEPPER, ESQ

SING PETE, O Muse! — he bein mi litle Boy —  
Mi oanly sun — with short & strait wite hare,  
& (at present) the Mezels. wot he wil  
go into next, peraps you no, but I doant.  
His culler isent good, & the saim remarc  
Wil apli to his appetite. the Docter ses  
PETE hes got the moast Mezels he ever see  
onto a boy. he likewais ses, gudgin bi the *stoc*,  
Hele wip em, & giv em haf to start with.  
(Warein i agre with doc, and go him sum beter.)  
Now go it Muse — give us a good 1 on PERE.

Paws, strainger, & talk a looc at a Cradel  
about 1½ yere ago. wot do you se into it?  
(as the man sed wen he saw the feller a lookin into Futoority.)  
1st observ that lovy Form, a rockin ov it.  
thats HANAH GANE, a myld woman, weke as a fool,  
& thinkin ov Baby, ile bet 50 sents.  
theres a wooman, now, a man ken be proud ov.  
But talk a nuther looc into the ittel Cradel!  
Se suthin Red? thats the present PETE —  
Say 1 day oald! hes a yellin. taint much  
Fur a yel, but as good as moast yung yels.  
A smilin kind ov plesent, HANAH settels him,  
& presently gits him so he doant even grunt.  
Wot a uncomon lovy thing is a yoothfie infan!  
Droolin doant spile it for its pa & ma!  
its a kind ov Bud — a ignoran Bud —  
A no-nothink Flour, wich aint no Flour —  
A inosent Aingle, a chaingin into a Man  
& a gettin cuite smal wile a goin throo!  
its litle hed is al smooth; it haint no teth;  
its fechers aint worth menshunink, thaym so  
teanty. differen frum dog, it ken se  
to onct. (Cat doant se wel, long at 1st.)

Wot is rich, youm releved, the very 1st thing,  
 about thayr bein born Dum, &c. 4th.  
 How the littel cusses wil yel, sumtimes!  
 PETE a good exampel ov the yellin kind.  
 But thats pane in Bowls—Genuses complaint:  
 i hed it, this mornink, so i thought ide di.  
 thats wi ime a ritin this minit. But  
 to return, as the Comec sed.

TALK a nuther vew.  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen at saim pris  
 (as the man sed wen he giv his boy a lickin.)  
 Wot doo you call that a wigglin onto the floor?  
 theres the Potry ov Moshun, dun up smal.  
 thats PETE, at 6 munths. How he crepes tho!  
 Few Babys air smart at 6 months.  
 its nothink but yel, yel, yel, with moast on em.  
 How diferen PETE! PETE *incuires*. PETE *lerns*.  
 Wot is he a lookin at now? a hole into the carpit.  
 He noas it otto be fixt. He almoast ses so.  
 fix it PETE, wile your hand is in. (He  
 dus it throo HANAH; hear she cums, with a nedel.)  
 industry & PETE!—wot a site for a farther!  
 the contemplashun of Babys at 6 munths is fine.  
 How interestin, to se a littel rip gro!  
 How Astonishin that Milk is al he wonts!  
 Wots ham & eggs, or sider, or a pipe to him?  
 He thines ov nothink but groin. wot a pity  
 Hese got to go throo so much, incloodin Sienes!  
 so much a goin throo him at the saim time.  
 HANAH GANE sties to it PETE sed *pa*  
 as plane as eny body, at 6 months. His  
 i's wos a kind ov blooish wite at that perid.  
 not a hare onto his hed eny wares.  
 HANAH sed his noas wos exaely like mine.  
 or wil be wen he gits a noas, i replide.  
 At wich HANAH laft moast newscle. But  
 to cum agin, as the Colliery sed.

Looc onct moar, pervidin time aint presin.  
 Wot doo you se now? as the mise sed to the Owl.  
 in a corner ov the Gardin (the north corner)  
 A Angelic Form under a plum tre, hoaldin a  
 Baby. (PETE at 12 months.) looc twist;  
 2nd time a good wile, with boath i's.  
 Aint the Bud a cumin on Grand?  
 HANAH 2 is uncomon wel you se.  
 everything is a smilin, incloodin the smal dog.  
 Sorry to trubbel you, but looc gest over-hed.  
 Without a strainin ov your i's much, youl probbly se  
 A clowd blacker than wot scairt ABNER, wen he cut.  
 thats cuttin teth and canker Rash, boath rayther haisty.  
 the clowd comes down: you se nothink: but  
 Mity! how you ken *here*, tho!  
 A rip with good lungs stans a good chans.  
 PERES chans is uncomon good. 1st clas.  
 Babys at 12 months air plesent to looc at.  
 Thair is sumthink fine in a yere oald Boy.  
 Hare cums on good; likewais teth & noas.  
 Thay begin for to swel! sumtims wock!  
 Thay say ma & pa cuite distinct! thay  
 Doant drool much; thay ete masht tater:  
 & engoy life pooty cumferbel, considerin.  
 Wot a gurl dus at 1 yere i doant rely no.  
 ef PETE now wos a gurl i supoas i shood.  
 i doant talk no interist in gurls. But  
 to leve that pint, as the man sed to the Bagnit.

TAIK 1 moar looc, as the drownin man sed  
 Wen he cum up fur the 3rd time.  
 thairs a Vew! (PETE at 18 months.)  
 Air you struc much? as the listenin sed to the man.  
 Wot a cus, at a yere & haf, aint he?  
 oonly 18 months! wot a chaing, in 6!  
 taik away the Mezels, & wair is his ekal!  
 How the Mezels spots a boy tho! How HANAH  
 laft, wen I ask ef GONFRYS Corjal was good  
 fur the Mezels! opodildoc maid her agin.  
 i thinc i tooc sulfer & molasis, but aint shoer.  
 PETE is pashinitly fon ov Caster ile!  
 Becos i supoas it is sech an egspensiv drinc.  
 He rayther prefers coald Prest ile.  
 (Worm, with milk: i taik it coald without.)  
 At 18 months, Babys air a rich site.  
 With sum atenshun to noas, &c. 4th,  
 (not moarn a minit in a day at that,)  
 You ken maik em *shine*! thayr conversashun  
 isent wot you may coll instructiv; but  
 it kind ov melts into a parrens felinks,  
 & pleses al but uther parrens, with yung 1s —  
 Wich thins thay aint no grait shaiks after al,  
 Compaired with sum thayve sene. (HANAH  
 Herd Missis LEFERS say them very werds  
 to Her Husban, wen thayd ben a collin hear,  
 Afore thayd farely got to the gait; thay  
 Hevin 2 or 3 squockers ov thare oan i beleve.  
 Youd thinc twos 1 dozen bi the nois.)  
 Wen thay git a littel oalder thayre kind ov handy  
 About a Hous; fedin pigs &c. 4th, fechin watter,  
 Splittin kindlin wood, & a dozen uther choars.  
 i shel fele bad the 1st time i wale PETE.  
 i rely doant no as i ever ken, hese so pooty.  
 i ges ile let HANAH doo it wen nessary,  
 & tri & kepe onto the rite side. But  
 enuf onto that hed, as the man sed wen hede  
 kild his wife. Muse much ableeged. Fairwel.

Wot doo you thinc ov PETE?

What do *you* think, reader? - - - CRUELTY could no farther go, it seems to us, than in the case of the young German rascal, the other day, in our city. He had swallowed three or four counterfeit bills, 'on a sudden,' and when he was taken to the station-house, no proof of guilt was found upon him; but a cunning official administered to his inner man two powerful emetics; and after a short time, lo! the spurious currency made its appearance among the *débris* of a luxurious dinner, just achieved at a fashionable restaurant. How 'worse' far than the awful *nausea marina* must have been that medicinal 'operation.' Who can depict the reversed motions of his stomach, or the emotions of his mind! He was in as bad a 'fix' as the man who wrapped around his legs, under his 'over-alls,' sheets of zinc, stolen from on board a ship, where, with an accomplice, he had been at work putting down the leaden carpeting upon the cabin-stairs. In walking across the shore-plank, at night, by some unavoidable accident, 'accoutred as he was,' he plunged in 'the dock.' He did not reappear. 'Get a boat!' exclaimed the by-standers: 'the tide is going out: run to the end of the dock! He'll come up! — he'll come up!' His companion, whose own drawers were of the same 'heavy goods,' shook his head mournfully, and exclaimed, 'Never! — he's gone!' and the 'why and the



wherefore,' so well known to the thieving prophet, was distinctly shown, when the body was subsequently discovered. The friend who tells us this, says he never heard such expression given to a word before — 'NEVER !' But speaking of bills, and thinking especially of the unrolling of the undigested counterfeit lumps aforesaid, we are reminded of a circumstance once mentioned to us by an 'Old Country' legal friend. If we remember rightly, it was Lord ELDON who was presiding upon the bench of a London criminal court, before whom the incident occurred. A man was upon his trial for the murder of a man who was found dead on Hampstead Heath; and a bullet in his body showed the manner of his death. He had been last seen in company with the prisoner; but as there was no other testimony bearing against him, he stood with unabashed front before the judge, and smiled in ridicule at the attempt of the King's counsel to convict him of the homicide. Lord ELDON was holding in his hand, and listlessly rolling between his fingers, the ball which had been extracted from the body. Presently he beckoned to an officer to approach the bench, which he did: when his lordship inquired in an under-tone, if the man had been searched. 'He has, your lordship; but no money was found upon his person; nor is it known that the deceased had any money in his possession, beyond about a sovereign in change. The only thing we found was part of a street-ballad, from which a large piece had been torn.' 'Let me see it,' said the judge. It was handed to him by the officer. In the meantime, in manipulating the bullet between his fingers, his lordship detected a piece of blood-dried paper: moistening, and gradually unrolling it, it was found to be a three-cornered piece of a street-ballad; and on comparing it with the torn ballad which had been laid before him, it was found to fit exactly, and to complete the whole! This piece of paper, which had formed the wadding of the gun, was at once put in evidence; the man was convicted; and afterward made a full confession of his crime. We have never heard a more extraordinary confirmation of the truth of the saying, that 'Murder will out:' and it is an incident well confirmed. - - - From far-off Desmoines, in the 'late' State of Iowa, and from the auditor's office thereof, 'cometh greeting' the following bill, exhibiting the fact that the writer, a German wagon-maker, repaired a wheelbarrow, and put a hoop on an 'old oaken bucket that hangs in a well' thereby. It is a literal orthographic specimen of the 'sweet German accent:'

'DESMOINES the 3 of May 1858.

	Dr.
'Januar the 25 ei repert a Weehlbarrow for the Staat of Iowa	1.50
'and but a Hoobband on for a Weelpocket . . . . .	25
	<hr/> 1.75

JOHN N. HOEBERGER, Wagon-maker.'

'Seem-lich goot,' as our correspondent says: but *here* is a similar bill that 'knows not *seems*' — it *is* good. It was rendered by two Italian 'bust'-ers, for heads of WASHINGTON and SHAKSPEARE, which they had 'sculped' for the late lamented PHILIP HONE:

'MR. HON, SQUAR, TO JULIAN G — R, Dr.

'Busto VACCENTON,	\$2.00
'Busto GUISPIER,	2.00

Pronounce the Italianized names quickly, and the 'intent of the bill' will readily be discovered. - - - BURNS has exhausted the *Poetry of the Tooth-Ache*, we think: and teeth-extraction seems to be a theme incapable of raising the 'divine afflatus.' We pity but slightly the writer of the crying lines to '*My Tooth*.' Instead of repairing to such eminent dentists as Dr. ELEAZER PARMELEE, or Dr. NEHEMIAH DODGE, our correspondent betakes himself to an 'operator' of the old-school, who uses the old-fashioned instruments. Observe the result:

<p>'THE time had come: I sudden oped This mouth of mine, when in there went A TURNKEY! Oh! but I had hoped He would not use <i>that</i> instrument: But 't was too late to argue now; I glanced at him—he glanced at me: Big drops of sweat were on my brow, Upon my tooth a big TURNKEY!</p>	<p>'He gave a turn, I gave a yell, And then he gave me one turn more: Another screech, and then I fell— Fell sprawling flat upon the floor! I thought he'd torn my jaw away— I <i>told</i> him so: he said, 'O pshaw!' I vowed he <i>had</i>—but all he'd say Was: 'Look o' here, none of your jaw!'</p>
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It was a fortunate accident, no doubt, that he *did n't* leave a portion of the sufferer's jaw in the fangs of his instrument of torture. Such things have been, and not long ago. - - - A CORRESPONDENT who evidently does not lack the 'native ore' in his composition, says, among other things, in a note to the Editor: 'Although held by inexorable fate in my unrising position, I have always had an upward sort of aspiration: I have longed, with a feeling beyond utterance, for that development and expansion which EDUCATION imparts to the most 'common mind.' Then perhaps I might have talked with WASHINGTON IRVING and his compeers, (to my mind he *has no peer*,) not as if telegraphing from an immense distance, but as a friend, consanguineous in the *appreciation* of 'divine things,' although not in creating or reërranging them; fearing no *lack* which should disparage a MAN in his own esteem. But ah, me! IGNORANCE!—how like the 'striped garment' and the 'heel-clog' of physical degradation! It pulls down one's ambition: it is like making one amphibious; putting him under water, yet permitting him to live, and even to see out into the ambient atmosphere, where MEN walk and talk, and enjoy themselves, but not prepared to permit *him* to breathe their air for a moment. Thus night-mared, do n't you think *you* would make one struggle for enlargement? And yet, how many thousands are 'under water,' who long to get out, but who struggle to as little purpose as would LEVIATHAN to escape the ponderous fluid that surrounds him! Do n't think me, however, altogether eel or sucker, satisfied with my native mud and cold-blooded companions; for I have lain on the surface a good deal, and secured not a few tid-bits 'found afloat,' and without the purview of fish content with the stream in which it was their fate to be spawned.' We were not at all surprised to learn, toward the end of this epistle, that notwithstanding the lack of 'advantages,' so feelingly deplored, the writer has 'scribbled,' and been 'honored by the perusal of *his* public.' He will do so again, doubtless; for he writes like one who has thoughts that 'must and will out.' - - - Much has been said, but much more 'hinted in the journals,' touching the *Lady Lobby-Members at Washington*, during the past session of Congress. We hope, for the reputation of the sex, that those reports have been exaggerated. But that the 'gentle creatures' do *sometimes* improperly meddle with politics, partisan 'policy,' and public

and private pecuniary appropriations, there is very little doubt. 'T is true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 't is true.' *Apropos* of this, is an anecdote in point, told us by a New-England friend. Word was sent by Mr. H —, a defeated candidate, to a married lady, (who was supposed to have changed the expected vote of her husband, on election-day, to the opposite party,) to the following effect: 'Go and tell Mrs. F —, that I will send her, by the first opportunity, a *pair of pantaloons*, for her political services.' 'Go and tell Mr. H —,' was the reply, 'to send them along at once: do n't forget to tell him that I want a *new pair* — not a pair *that his wife has half worn out!*' This being told to Mr. H — in his store, when it was crowded with customers, did not serve to enhance his equanimity, nor very greatly to lessen his repugnance against female political influence. - - - Of our friends the 'LITTLE FOLK,' the anecdotes and 'sayings' which ensue, are authentic: which is more than can be said of at least one-half of the inflated puerilities attributed to children by the would-be imitators of the juvenile contributions, heretofore, to the KNICKER-BOCKER. From the far south-west comes the following:

'DRIVING out one day last fall to see a relation of my wife, we took with us the little daughter of a particular friend, a child of some six years old. While my wife went into the house (the family being sick) I remained out in the garden with 'FAN,' and strolling into the summer-house, we sat down. I was whittling a stick and she was sitting alongside of me, very attentively watching the process. After a few minutes' silence, looking up in my face, in her inquisitive way, she asked: 'CHARLIE, what are you cutting that stick for?'

'Oh! just for fun,' was my reply, more to answer the child than any thing else.

'She said nothing for several seconds, but appeared to be intently thinking; evidently revolving some momentous question in her little brain. Finally, with a longing for information on every expressive feature: 'Well, if you are cutting just for fun, CHARLIE, why do n't you laugh?'

'Imagine the same question addressed to yourself! I fancy you would have done as I did — said nothing.'

'THE following incident (writes a correspondent, a pastor in a distant 'down-east' village) is less than a month old: Mrs. L — had lost her little pet lamb — her only one — of only six summers, by scarlatina. Her neighbor's child, not quite so old, went over to spend a Saturday afternoon hour or two: and as she was the dead LIZZIE's play-mate, LIZZIE's play-things were brought out by the bereft mother for her young visitor's amusement; Mrs. L — dropping frequent tears at the sight of the familiar sport. When at night, and at home, the little girl was going to bed, she asked her mother to let her for once say her prayers alone in her bed-room instead of at the maternal knee: and she did so. Coming back from her brief devotions, her mother said she should like to know what was the reason of her darling's unusual wish. Artlessly, as though a violet could speak, the almost-baby said: 'I asked the LORD to give Mrs. L — a little baby like yours, Mamma, instead of LIZZIE, so she won't cry any more!' But the prettiest part of it is, that the first thing on Monday morning, our sweet little petitioner wanted to 'run right over to Mrs. L —'s, *to see if the baby is come,*' as prayed for! How would this do as an illustration of faith?'

'THE artless utterances of CHILDHOOD: its wild, fantastic imaginings of the incomprehensible,' writes a lady-correspondent from Northern Ohio, 'are a charm-

ing study for the thoughtful observer. A few days ago one of FRANK's play-mates, an interesting little boy, whose life had been but a joyous play-time of eight summers, was drowned while skating upon the river. The event brought mournful thoughts to all who were familiar with the circumstances, and to our little FRANK was peculiarly suggestive. 'Ma,' said he as he sat beside me on the evening of the day, looking earnestly into the fire, 'how long will it take CHARLEY to go up to heaven?'

'His little sister, much younger, yet very complacent in her ideas of things, hastily answered: 'Of course he won't go up till after the funeral.'

'How could I make plain to those little minds what was yet so incomprehensible to my own?'

'How shall I know CHARLEY up in heaven, unless somebody calls him out?' continued my little questioner. I tried to teach him, that he would recognize his little friend in another world. 'Then,' said he, 'I'm going right up to him and ask him all about it.' . . . AMUSING themselves one day with the pictures in the large family BIBLE, I over-heard them debating upon one engraving representing the descent of angels. ALICE persisted that they were 'dead people going up;' FRANK assured her that they were not, for people did n't have wings to go to heaven. She seemed quite vexed and puzzled at his version: and after a moment's pause, with a most characteristic toss of the head, exclaimed: 'Well, I an't going to heaven 'less I can have some wings.'

'I am often reminded, by these juvenile colloquies, of my own yearnings for the solution of this great enigma of the soul.'

'I HAVE, beside the BABY,' writes a friend nearer home, 'three children: MARY, about six years old; ANNIE, whom, from her way of looking intently at one, and opening and shutting her eyes, we call BLINKER; and FREDDIE, both younger. Not long ago I called BLINKER to take her morning bath: 'Come here, you little HEBE!'

'Am I HEBE, Papa? — what's sisser MARY?'

'She's PSYCHE.'

'What's FRED?'

'I went on, giving names to all the personages for whom BLINKER asked them, until my wife broke in: 'Why do n't you call any body JUPITER?'

'I replied that JUPITER was a hard case; and enlarged about his sins in the matter of EUROPA, of LEDA, etc. I did not notice that any of the children were listening. The next Sunday MARY came to me: 'Papa, read us up a whole lot of stories out of the BIBLE' — to them the treasure-house of all story.

'Whom shall I read about, MARY?'

'Oh! read about JUDAH.'

'About JUDAH! Who was he?'

'Why, the one who turned into a white bull and carried off the lady!'

'Each of the little girls has a 'Mrs. HARRIS,' whom she calls *her* JULIA CURRANCE. Not long ago my wife over-heard them. 'ANNIE,' said MARY, 'my JULIA CURRANCE is taller than yours. She is as tall as the top of the room.'

'My JULIA CURRANCE is as tall as the top of the house,' retorted BLINKER.

'But mine is as tall as the sky,' replied MARY.

'BLINKER was not to be put down so. Intently reflecting a moment, and most vigorously winking her eye-lids, she closed the contest thus: 'But my JULIA CURRANCE is so tall that her head goes through the clouds, and comes up at the foot of God's bed; so she can peek over the foot-board.'

'Both little girls seem greatly exercised to comprehend the idea of God. MARY lately brought me a picture, which she had made, of a house. Through a hole in the roof a large round face was peeping into the room below.

'What's that?' I asked.

'That's God!' replied the little girl, in a subdued tone. I was the more struck with this, as it recalled to me that my own early idea of God was the same—that of a BEING on His hands and knees, gazing through the top of the room.'

Little children, come again. - - - An invalid New-Yorker, lying on his sick-bed in New-Orleans, was 'greatly relieved' by one dose of *Pun*, administered by a fellow-Gothamite on this wise: 'He had been reading to him the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, and had just taken up the *Herald*: from which sheet he read, among other things, the account of the conversion of 'AWFUL GARDNER,' the pugilist, and of his having 'exhorted the multitude' at the John-street church. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'GARDNER has become an expounder, eh?' I was too weak for this: it prostrated me at the time: but the shock did me good.' —SINCE this was placed in type, we find the annexed in the '*Evening Post*,' daily journal: 'Among the numerous copies of the Bible in the American Bible Society's Library is the one used by the preachers of an African church in this city, which presents a very dilapidated appearance; it is literally worn to shreds by the blows which those fervid and sable divines have invested on its covers. The cause of this phenomenon is wittily chronicled in the following language, which is inscribed on the title-page: 'This is the Bible from which the pure WORD was literally ex-pounded by our colored brethren in —street.' - - - THE '*Tribune*' daily journal of to-day, June the twenty-third, speaking of the recent tempest and tornado, remarks:

'An observer of this phenomenon says, that the storm seems to have collected on the mountains lying west of the Hudson, and was observed hovering for several hours over the northern part of the city. At three o'clock in the afternoon it had commenced its progress. In its van a large dusky cloud had gathered, in form somewhat like the head of a large elephant with its proboscis extending to the ground, as if feeling to find the proper route of the destroyer. A furious whirlwind attended its progress through the northern part of the city. It was of such a density, that the observer could scarcely behold any object which it had enveloped; and buildings too slightly put together, were torn down, unroofed, and in some instances transported to considerable distances, scattering along the way the ruins thus made. The course of the tempest was south-eastward.'

The editors should have seen this storm, 'pregnant with earthquake and tornado,' swoop down from the border-highlands of Rockland, the 'High Torn' and the 'Hook' mountains, upon Haverstraw Bay, and the broad Tappañ-Zee, on its way to the metropolis! Its march was grand: it was more—it was sublime! The dim blue-green mass of dense cloud, impenetrable to sight, swept onward, extinguishing as it were a lighted candle, all the sunny landscape before it; blotting out alike the glassy mirror of the Hudson, and its lovely shores, while the gray rattling rain hid its backward ravages from view. We knew, when we walked out upon the sanctum-piazza, to survey its course, what would be its wild mission in the near metropolis, whither it was hastening 'on the wings of the wind:' how it would at length dart upon the deep, and 'scoop the ocean to its briny springs.' That tornado and storm should have been seen in its sudden inception and terrific progress, to be *properly*

appreciated. *Appropos* of STORM: did you ever encounter the spirited lines which ensue? We read them while the tempest above described was brewing, or 'being' brewed, 'i the North,' before it proceeded onward, to 'serve its sovereign i' the South:'

'I AM STORM — the King!  
I live in a fortress of fire and cloud:  
You may hear my batteries sharp and loud  
In the Summer night,  
When I and my warriors arm for the fight;  
And the willows moan,  
And the cedars groan  
As they bend beneath the terrible spring  
Of STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
My troops are the winds, and the hail, and the  
rain:  
My foes the woods and the feathery grain;  
The mail-clad oak  
That gurls his front to my charge and stroke:  
The ship on the sea:  
The blooms on the lea:  
And they writhe and break as the war-cries ring  
Of STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
I drove the sea o'er the Leyden dykes:  
And, a deadlier foe than the burgher pikes,  
To the walls I bore  
The 'Ark of Delft' from the ocean shore,  
O'er vale and mead,  
With war-like speed,  
Till the Spaniard fled from the deluge-ring  
Of STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
I saw an armada set sail from Spain  
To sprinkle with blood a maiden's reign:  
I met the host  
With shattering blows on the island coast,  
And tore each deck  
To shreds and a wreck:  
And the Saxon poets the praises sing  
Of STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
My marshals are four — the swart Simoon,  
Sirocco, Tornado, and swift Typhoon;  
My realm is the world,  
Wherever a pennon is waved or furled.  
My stern command  
Sweeps sea and land;  
And none unharmed a scoff may fling  
At STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
I scour the earth, the sea, the air,  
And drag the trees by their emerald hair,  
And chase, for game,  
With a leap and a scream, the prairie flame,  
The commerce ark  
And the pirate bark,  
And none may escape the terrible spring  
Of STORM — the King!

Stirring pictures, these. - - - Our old friend and 'sometime' gossiping correspondent, Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, has arrived in our metropolis by a late English steamer; and 'when time and place shall serve,' our citizens will have the pleasure to hear him in his unique entertainment, '*Reminiscences of Travel in Many Lands*,' which we have reason to believe will afford to many a rich and rare treat. Mr. MASSETT observes well, and he records well: he has been every where, it seems to us: for he has written us from the wildernesses of Oregon; the mountains of California; the Sandwich Islands; Australia, (Melbourne, Hobart-Town, Sydney, etc. ;) from Bombay, Calcutta, Cairo, and Constantinople; and we *did* expect to hear from him at Jerusalem; but circumstances changed the direction of his travels, and we heard from him last at London, whence he wrote: 'I suppose you heard that I was nearly 'done for' in Bombay — eh? My trip across the desert was delightful, and the Arab girls in Cairo fearfully enticing! I dined at the GARIBICK Club dinner in honor of the birth-day of SHAKSPEARE, recently. CHARLES KEAN in the chair. He made a superb speech. DICKENS, THACKERAY, etc., were there. THACKERAY can't speak; but I *believe* he can write. DICKENS is a capital after-dinner speaker; and, 'which is more,' he is now pocketing five hundred dollars a night by reading his Christmas books. I am going to-day to see LEIGH HUNT. Just think how gently time deals with him! Seventy-eight years old, yet hale and hearty as a boy!' Our metropolitan public must give 'STEPHEN' a cordial welcome. His *repertoire* of songs, recitations, etc., has been largely augmented; he is in good 'condition' and voice; has elicited the applause and the more substantial guineas of the highest nobility and gentry of Colonial Britain



every where, as well as in the 'great Metropolis;' and the *PRESS*, wherever he has appeared, has been almost unanimous in his praise. Let us cheer Col. PIPES with 'a bumper!' - - - Among the entertaining and instructive features of *Forney's Philadelphia 'Press'* are the occasional sketches of prominent English notabilities, religious, political, legal, and dramatic. These sketches are from the pen of R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Esq., whom long residence and professional and personal position in London, and close observation of 'men and things,' render eminently qualified for the task, if that may be called a task, which seems accomplished in so easy and pleasantly-gossipish a manner. In a late issue of the popular journal with which he is connected, Dr. MACKENZIE gives the readers of the '*Press*' some interesting items of the personal history of the '*Long-lived Lave-Lords of Britain:*' of our Boston Lord LYNDBURST; of Mr. CANNING; of Lord CAMPBELL; and of Lord BROUGHAM: proving, in the case of the latter, that Sir EDWARD SUGDEN's satirical remark, that 'it was a pity BROUGHAM did n't know a little *lave*, for then he would know a little of every thing,' was much more satirically witty than true. Does our friend remember this cockney verse upon his baronial title, (BROUGHAM and VAUX,) which appeared at the time of his elevation to one of his prominent dignities? If we remember rightly, it appeared as a squib in the London '*Morning Chronicle*;' for which journal, by the by, Lord CAMPBELL was for a long time, in early life, a parliamentary and theatrical reporter:

'VY is Lord GRAY like a sweeping man,  
Vot close by the crossing stalks?  
'Cause, ven he's made as good sweep as he can,  
He takes up his 'BROOM' and 'VAUX.'

The DOCTOR will 'take the idea.' - - - A YOUNG lady writing home from a female literary institute, in the southern part of New-York, thus indignantly discourses, in true feminine wise: 'You must know that there are limits fixed to our walks. 'Thus far can we go, and no farther.' I wonder that the exact number of steps we must take is not prescribed! All the feminine artifices to which we resort, to lengthen our walks, are of no avail. No representation which we can make, of the immediate, pressing necessity of ribbons, shoes, or even hoops, avails us in the least. We are either told to 'do without,' or to send by 'Mr. SMITH' for them. Mr. SMITH is our steward, and (happy man!) can go into town as often as he likes. I must n't omit to tell you that he is a very portly gentleman, almost PICKWICKIAN in size. Well, the other day I thought I had a 'splendid' excuse to go into town. I asked the matron if I could n't go out to the dress-maker's, to have a dress fitted, (my new blue dress, you know, which I am having for Commencement.) Now what do you think? She asked me if 'Mr. SMITH could n't do the errand!' I told her that I would trust him to get my hair-pins, handkerchiefs, hose, and hoops, but I *should* prefer to have my dresses fitted to myself, instead of him! Do n't you think me justifiable? He may be a model of manly beauty, but I am afraid *his* fit would n't quite fit *me*!' - - - WHAT a wonderful event is the first view of DEATH to children! We well remember — and it is as far back as our memory of *any* event goes — when two little twin-brothers, hand-in-hand, with new figured linen jackets and trowserlets that rustled as we walked, went to a funeral, and saw for the first time the work of the Great

Destroyer. It was the funeral of a good old man, a neighbor, who was kind to little boys, and had often given us to eat of the choicest apples in his abundant orchard, and of the most luscious melons in his mellow fields. Not a sight or a sound, seen and heard on that day, has ever departed from us: the pale, cold, immovable face; the sad looks and sadder moans of weeping relatives; the minister's solemn tones, 'deep-stamped on the dead silence;' the peculiar smell of the coffin; all are before us, or with us, now. So that we enter, through a child's experience, at once into the feelings of our own little people, when they talk of the good old Lady, that fine, affectionate, Friendly spirit, whose demise we recorded in our last number. We read, a few moments ago, these lines aloud:

'AND she, the aged one, bereaved,  
Sat lonely in her old arm-chair,  
Submissive to God's will, yet grieved;  
Raising to Heaven her silent prayer:  
Her faith, and love, and hope were there.'

when two 'wee ones' immediately 'made the application.' Yet, as SPRAGUE has beautifully expressed it, they 'cannot make her dead.' They welcome her still to the cottage; they see the plain Quaker bonnet laid on the bed; the spotless pale-drab shawl spread over it; they clasp again the liberal hands that never came empty to her loved and loving pets; they recall that placid face under the thin lace cap, still beaming with affectionate interest in their little joys and sorrows: they 'cannot but remember that such things were, that were most pleasant to them:' and it almost seems a blessing that they should never have seen those living eyes closed in darkness, and those ever open hands pale and cold, cross-folded on the silent breast: for now, they 'cannot make her dead!' - - - BY-AND-BY, say by the beginning of early winter, our metropolis will be brought up very nearly to 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' by the '*West-Shore Rail-road*,' which runs along the lovely inland region, back of the Palisades. Under the energetic management of the contractors, MESSRS. SEYMOUR AND TOWER, it is advancing toward completion with rapid strides. The line is admirably located; much of it is now ready for the ties and rails, which are already contracted for; ditches, culverts, and stone bridges in progress, are observable along the line; so that the work, even now, seems to be a thing achieved. So good-by to any more winter passages by rail 'around the Horn;' farewell to short (and yet long) voyages through the thick-ribbed ice of the Hudson! When the 'West Shore' roars with the rush of its iron horses, we shall be able to do many things hitherto 'not convenient' in the winter-time: to foregather with our brethren of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, the 'Centurians,' and the Press-Club, for example; compare notes, and enjoy reminiscential reverie or confab. Few of our fellow-metropolitans are aware of the variety of natural beauty which prevails on the western side of the Palisades, whose perpendicular walls look down upon the Hudson. Distant ranges of hill and mountain; rivers moving seaward; and a rich and verdant valley spreading out between. 'Thousands of intelligent travellers,' says an able correspondent of the '*Rockland County Journal*,' 'pass continually up and down the Hudson-river, who little suspect that behind the stern, rocky walls of the Palisades there exists a secluded, happy little world, living in a paradise little short of Eden. Nearly the whole length, the line of

the road runs through one of the most charming, healthy, and fertile of valleys, covered with farms in the highest state of cultivation on the rising grounds of its gently-sloping side, with rich meadows and pasture-grounds toward the river. A survey of the beautiful landscape would almost lead to the belief that the respective owners of the soil were striving with energy and perseverance to rival one another in giving their places every possible appearance of improvement, neatness, beauty, and comfort. Poverty and want seem to be strangers to that prosperous region.' - - - WE have been made possessed of a 'pome.' There is no doubt as to its authenticity: for it bears this introduction: 'These Lines was wrote concerning the Shipwrack of Schooner MAIL, and Captain COBB, and two of his Crew;' which heralds the name of POLLY S. WIXON, *née* BAKER, as the author. There are twenty-eight verses, in all, but the segregated stanzas below are the best:

'I NEVER did no lines compose,  
But these did come to me  
Early in the morn, as I awoke,  
About my brother lost at sea.

'And when that dreadful storm arose,  
How little did we know  
Of the awful doleful story  
That was brought to us and told!

'When AMOS R. BAKER did come home,  
And tell us the dreadful tale,  
Oh! how it made our hearts to ache,  
And how it made us feel!

'My brother did write home and say,  
Tell mother not to worry;  
But, oh! no, he never thought  
He must go in such a hurry.

'There was a young man, neighbor to me,  
WILLIAM W. WIXON was his name,  
And I was always glad to see him  
When in my house he came.

'And now I think why it was so,  
And why he seemed so near:  
It was to be his dreadful fate  
To be lost with my brother dear.

'And to you I say, young friends,  
By this a warning take,  
And try to make a preparation  
For the future, future state.

'I often think of those dear ones,  
How dreadful they must feel,  
When the Sch. Mail did part in two,  
And they was clinging to the rail.'

It is with no design to cast ridicule upon the affection which forms the subject of the doggerel that we present it to our readers: for the writer, in advertising to the fact that she shall never 'hear the steps' of her brother's 'dear feet' any more; that when she worked for him, he never would 'find fault with her,' but would say that 'it was well done;' in these little domestic touches, she even awakens our sympathy: but what *could* have induced a sane young woman to fancy that such 'poetry' as we have quoted, was calculated to increase her reputation, or excite commiseration? And yet, after all, we *do* commiserate any one who could be so misguided, whether through vanity or affection: sorry for her. - - - THERE were some 'strong-minded women' speakers at a recent New-England reform-convention: one, especially, being a perfect brickess. She was very plain-spoken: and she 'aired her mind' fully — what there was of it. She manifested no little contempt for the entire male gender: and not a little reminded us of a scene which we once witnessed in the old Park Theatre. The play for the evening was that lugubrious pocket-handkerchief piece, '*The Stranger*.' Directly before us sat an elderly married couple. The gentleman, a narrow-shouldered, high-eared, long-nosed specimen, 'most meke of his visage:' the dame, a *very* plump lady, with head erect, cheeks glowing, and eyes wandering, beneath an exalted turban and above a ponderous 'burst,' which almost threatened escapement. The man was much moved at the distresses of Mrs. and Mr. HALLER. Tears trickled down his

long nose and white pinched nostrils; and ever and anon he would jog Madame, that she might assist his melancholy enjoyment of the scene with her own sad sympathy, But not so: she told him, three several times, to 'Hush!' — and at length responded to an appreciative 'punch' from the elbow of her lesser half: '*Do stop!* — 'f I'd a-known you was goin' to act in *this* way, I would n't ha' *fetch'd* you!' He smothered his reflected sorrow, and 'dried up' instantler. - - - UPON the whole, we think we shall offer no apology for giving insertion, contrary, as our readers know, to our uniform custom, to the following. It may seem to savor of egotism: but it is only an act of gratitude. The second extract, we may farther remark, is simply a deed of justice to an obliging correspondent. The first is a passage from a gifted lady-correspondent in New-Haven, Connecticut:

'ONE day in a summer that is past, I was wandering down the Strand, London, when my eye was suddenly arrested by something familiar in the window of JOHN CHAPMAN, Number 142 Strand. 'I stopped; I gazed: it was! it was!' — the Old Gentleman of the KNICKERBOCKER, with the pipe in one hand and the pen in the other; Pussy slumbering at his feet, and all the accompaniments of a literary parveyor picturesquely grouped around. I instantly seized upon the old gentleman, paid on the spot for several fac-similes of 'His Excellency;' and forthwith 'Old KNICK' accompanied me in many wanderings by land and sea.

'I might tell you how many tedious hours of sea-sickness he enlivened, how many days of travel, in stage-coach and rail-road car, he brightened, for me and others; but time would fail me. I left him at last in the cozy library of a jolly old Professor at Leyden, who had enjoyed a 'feast of fat things' between his covers; inwardly resolving that if I ever survived to see New-York again, I would renew my acquaintance most cordially with the old gentleman.'

And *these* kind words, too, it would seem, proceed from a lady. They are sent to us marked in the '*Toledo Blade*,' a well-known journal, and are addressed to 'J. M. S —, Esq.,' of that flourishing city:

'DEAR friend, from my sick-bed I'm sending  
Full many kind thoughts after you,  
And prayers for your welfare are blending  
With memories faithful and true.

'Love may be forgotten in absence,  
But friendship, like yours, cannot fail;  
Since each month I receive a fresh token,  
Whose coming with pleasure I hail.

'While others, more favored, are straying,  
Enjoying some fair winter scene;  
At home I'm contentedly staying,  
Quite blest with the new magazine.

'When epicures loudly are praising  
Some triumph of cookery art,  
At the '*Editor's Table*' I'm feasting,  
And getting the rare-bits by heart.

'Though gallants may leave me unnoticed,  
My sanctum can never be dark;  
While congregate genius is near me,  
In the train of our GAYLORD CLARK.

'While artists, and poets, and sages,  
Appear 'tween those covers of blue,  
For the pleasure of seeing their faces,  
I must surely feel grateful to you.

'LUCE.'

'Very much obliged,' Ma'mselle! - - - THE letter from which the subjoined is an extract, was received (in a certain town in Iowa, which shall be nameless) in response to a somewhat urgent dun. It is the 'hottest day of the season,' thus far, as we write; yet this letter is as 'cool' as if it were mid-winter. It is hardly a month old:

'DEAR SIR: You talk like a book about *opus pecunia*, and all that; and you talk feelingly, as if from experience. It is well to have experience in the vicissitudes of life; it so enlarges our sympathies, and moderates our expectations: and

if your expectations are not moderate concerning the subject-matter of your letter, your realizations, I fear, will be, for :

'FIRST: The 'Company' owe me over three thousand dollars for money expended for their benefit, which I have been in vain besieging them for, since last November. I'll pay no more of their bills until I myself am paid: which time, to wit, the day of payment, may they speedily hasten.

'SECONDLY: Those of the Company, to whom I have read your epistle, converse in a manner exceedingly unbecoming in Christians; using objurgatory ejaculations, and declaring dogmatically that 'if it is adjudged honest and right for them to pay the fees charged for three days' labor of an attorney, they will make a tender of the property to the court, and ask to be released from further liability!'

W. G. L.'

The collection of the 'little bill' in question will doubtless demonstrate the 'pursuit of money under difficulty.' - - - MANY good things have come out of brave 'Old Virginia:' but few that were better, in their way, than the '*Old Dominion Coffee-Pot*,' in which you may boil coffee for any length of time, without a particle of the strength or aroma escaping. The taste of coffee made in this patent vessel is delicious. One third less of the ground material is required, while the full flavor of the berry is retained. It is exceedingly simple in its construction and action. Our friends of the 'North Woods Walton Club' must have a half-dozen of these social and simple 'improvements.' What a cup of Mocha or Java, Commissary 'ADAM SYGHTÉ' would turn out for his 'Speckled'-devouring compeers, from the hissing spout of the 'Old Dominion!' Take good light bread, made of good flour, and raised with 'Whatcheer Hop-Yeast Cakes,' the *ne plus ultra* of 'emp'tins;' milk that hasn't lived, like TRUTH, in the bottom of a well; and good fresh butter, cold as ice from the 'shanty' spring — and with fresh trout! But the very *thought*, on this meltingly-hot day, is oppressive. - - - FEW readers of CHARLES LAMB will have forgotten his clearly-conceived exposition of the latent fun contained in the question asked by an Oxford scholar of a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets: 'Prithee, friend, is that your *own* hare, or a wig?' 'There is no resisting this,' says LAMB: a 'man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof.' Looking through the thick masses of red and white roses that shade and 'shimmer' the floor of our cottage-piazza this lovely June morning, we see 'the girls' a-shooting with bow and arrow a red-and-blue straw target, which rests in the lower branches of a deep-green cherry-tree, bending at this moment with its wealth of ruby fruit, on our little lawn. The elder of those laughing archers, in a second's space, has disappeared in our backward-looking mind, from the family history. She 'was not yet,' at the time whereof we write, although daily 'anxiously expected:' insomuch that her prospective uncle, the lamented 'OLLAPOD,' wrote: 'Write to me, L——, the moment the event takes place. I shall be stretched on the tenter-hooks of impatience, until I know whether I am an uncle or an aunt!' Now, why did this come into our head, in connection with this thing of CHARLES LAMB's? 'By the mass, we cannot tell!' yet it was suggested. - - - WHEN our old friend, President HALLETT, of the *Nautilus Diving-Bell Company*, went to Europe

with his great invention, we predicted his success in the vast enterprise. In England, as the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER have already seen, his triumph was complete. The 'NAUTILUS,' after 'doing duty' to entire acceptance, in the Thames, is now in Paris. It has been engaged by the Government to perform important subterranean services on the marine fortifications of the French seaboard. We find the following in the Paris correspondence of the *London Daily News*:

'An immense crowd lined the western parapet of the Pont Royal this afternoon, to witness the performances of the 'Nautilus' diving-bell, which has lately been brought here from London. Mr. HALLETT, the President of the Nautilus Submarine Company, had issued cards of invitation to several French, English, and American gentlemen connected with science or literature, to 'assist' at the experiments. An awning was erected on the quay for the accommodation of the visitors. Several ladies were present, but the inexorable proportions of their crinoline made it impossible for any of them to get into the 'man-hole' by which access is obtained to the diving-bell. If any lady could be persuaded to divest herself of the ridiculous and uncomfortable costume which fashion ordains, she might undertake a sub-aqueous journey in the 'Nautilus' without the slightest derangement to her nerves. The interior is as comfortable as an opera-box, and the air breathed in it is much better. I was agreeably surprised to find myself at the bottom of the Seine, without any of that tingling in the ears which I remember feeling in the old-fashioned bell. The introduction of the air was so nicely managed, that no one was sensible of any difference between the atmosphere of the diving-bell and that outside. It would be a work of supererogation for me to attempt to describe the 'Nautilus' to the readers of the *Daily News*. I will only say that it is now the most attractive novelty in Paris.'

The Paris journals agree in this. - - - WHY are not ORSTERS permitted to associate with their fellow-citizens of the watery world, in a select 'aquarium?' Are they not received, every where, into the best society? Are they at all disposed to breed contention in a 'Happy Family?' Not at all: they are peaceable, quiet, tractable. They have their affections, their strong attachments: we have known a loving SADDLE-ROCK follow a friend all round a room: still they are 'not *too* tame, neither.' And yet these gentle creatures, if we are to trust JOHN HONEYWELL, cannot be received into an aquarium on terms of equality:

'WITHIN this narrow lake I see  
The life that ocean dwellers live,  
Where infusoria is the meat,  
The only meat their markets give:  
But, ah! I miss my bivalve friends,  
And search in vain the shallow sea,  
To find the high-born oyster maid,  
That loved a clam of low degree.'

The history of that bivalvulous 'subject' is however promised by our pleasant 'aquatic' bard. - - - 'You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend.' 'Yes: I have been *straightened* by circumstances.' PRENTICE, in his column of 'Wit and Wisdom' in BONNER'S '*Ledger*' weekly journal, is responsible for this. But we know a man who was *bent* from the same cause. 'Why, what makes you so crooked?' asked a travelled New-Yorker of a fellow-Gothamite, on returning from Europe, after the late 'tin-panic.' 'how came your back so bent? When I went away, you were as straight as an Indian.' 'I know it: but I bent my back in lifting notes; and I don't know that it will ever come straight again!' - - - CAN it be possible that so old and experienced a journal as the '*Edinburgh Review*' has not yet found out that



such slashing 'criticism' as the following utterly defeats itself by its over-adequate severity? It occurs in a short review of POE's poetical and prose writings: 'EDGAR ALLAN POE was a blackguard of undeniable mark. He was incontestably one of the most worthless persons of whom we have any record in the world of letters. Many authors have been as idle; many as improvident; some as drunken and dissipated; and a few, perhaps, as treacherous and ungrateful: but *he* seems to have succeeded in attracting and combining in his own person all the floating vices which genius had hitherto shown itself capable of grasping in its widest and most eccentric orbit.' Now 'these be parolous words,' Mr. Reviewer! - - - Our common relative, 'Uncle SAMUEL,' when he has any thing done, will always have it *well* done, if he only employs such conscientious, trustworthy agents as Mr. JOHN DISBROW, of Haverstraw, Rockland county. He has recently secured for the United States Navy-Yard at Brooklyn, a copious supply, present and prospective, of pure fresh water, for the uses of the yard, from a great Artesian well, which he is as skilled in boring, as 'his father before him.' Adjoining this, he is erecting numerous arches, exceedingly imposing in their architectural features, and so strong and massive, that they excite the 'solid' admiration of all who examine them. Upon these arches will rise and rest the *tremendous* iron reservoir, to be supplied from the well by a steam-engine, from which the water will be drawn for all the demands of the government locality. - - - 'The Burns Club of the City of New-York,' (JOSEPH CUNNINGHAM, Esq., President, and ROBERT BURNETT and JOSEPH LAING, Vice-Presidents,) have done themselves honor, in passing unanimously the following comprehensive preamble and fervent resolutions:

'WHEREAS, The meeting has heard with indignation that an attempt has been made by Mr. JAMES BAIRD, of Cambusdoon—the classic grounds embracing the scenery immortalized in TAM O' SHANTER, and in the deathless lyrics of Scotland's darling poet—to obscure the prospect and destroy the pictorial beauty of the Corinthian Monument erected to the memory of ROBERT BURNS in the place of his birth:

'AND WHEREAS, The meeting has marked with unbounded satisfaction the noble and manly stand taken by Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS and others of our countrymen against this gratuitous and wanton act of high-handed and heartless Vandalism:

'AND WHEREAS, The meeting has learned, with deep regret, that in spite of all remonstrances, Mr. BAIRD persists in his unhappy resolution, and has given orders to push on the building now in course of erection to completion with all dispatch:

'RESOLVED, That the meeting not only unanimously approve and indorse the course taken by Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS, but consider his warm-hearted and determined conduct in the whole matter worthy of all honor, and deserving of gratitude and admiration, not only from themselves, as admirers in a distant land of their national minstrel, but from all who bear the Scottish name, in whatever country their lot may be cast.

'RESOLVED, That the meeting waste no exertion in the shape of memorial, protest, or otherwise, to induce Mr. BAIRD to reconsider his ill-advised determination, but leave him to reap at leisure the fruits of the whirlwind he has sown—an unenviable notoriety, the scorn of his own age and the contempt of a generous posterity.

'RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Chairman to Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS, also to the *Scottish American Journal*, and other American papers; also to the leading journals in Scotland.'

If this Mr. BAIRD is not *too* weazen; if he is not a man of metallic nerves and blunt entrails; if, in short, he has any 'withers,' they cannot remain 'unwrung' much longer. Was it not enough that BURNS should have been neglected by his countrymen, and half-starved while living, that a mean-spirited self-interest should desecrate his monument, and obscure the scene of his reflected and perpetuated glory?



## A Glance at New Publications.

MR. JAMES'S NEW ROMANCE: 'LORD MONTAGUE'S PAGE.'—We are glad to find the annexed literary announcement in FORNEY'S Philadelphia '*Press*;' 'Mr. G. P. R. JAMES, the English novelist, who is now British Consul in Virginia, announces a new novel—or rather CHILDS AND PETERSON, of Philadelphia, do so for him. Mr. JAMES has been several years in this country; has written two or three different novels upon American subjects; has voluntarily pitched his tent among us; and may claim to be an honorary, as he is an honorable, member of our Republic of Letters. His forthcoming work is a romance of the seventeenth century, entitled '*Lord Montague's Page*.' The book, in one volume, will have a fine portrait of Mr. JAMES, engraved on steel, with a vignette on the title-page, and will be put before the world in that elegant and tasteful manner for which his publishers are distinguished. With engravings, and handsomely bound in muslin, it will be sold at a dollar and a quarter: in London, spread over three volumes, without the engravings, and in fragile boards, the price would be a guinea and a-half; equal to seven dollars and fifty-six cents. Mr. JAMES is undoubtedly the most prolific of modern novelists. He has published nearly one hundred and fifty volumes of prose fiction, beside numerous biographical, historical, and poetical works. In all that he has written, there cannot be found

'One line which, dying, he would wish to blot.'

His purity of language and plot has been among the leading causes of his popularity.'

'THE NEW-ENGLANDER.'—The last issue of this Quarterly well sustains the satisfactory reputation which was before increasing. It has three or four especially well-written papers; and particularly one upon '*Dr. Taylor and his System*.' Now of the 'system' portion of the article we do not consider ourselves qualified to speak; but the biographical sketch with which it opens is admirably simple, direct, and picturesque, if we may employ the latter term in such a connection. Permit the ensuing passage to prove the justification of our praise:

'~~THERE~~ stands upon our table a bust which, had we seen it for the first time in the 'Hall of the Philosophers,' in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome, would have divided our attention with the busts of SOCRATES and PLATO. The extraordinary breadth and height of the forehead, the depth of arch in the brow, the fine symmetry of the features, the stamp of intellectuality and of benignity upon the face, would have commanded the homage we instinctively render to greatness. That homage is not in the least abated by the fact that this bust, which, if unknown, might stand unchallenged in the hall of the philosophers of antiquity, is known to be that of an ethical philosopher seated in the chair of Christian theology in a school of the nineteenth century. For those who know what an intellect was enthroned within it, and what a soul looked out through its portals, the ages could add no weight of dignity to that brow. But the brain does not throb beneath this arch, the eyes do not speak from these sockets, the words of wisdom and of power will not flow from these lips; and we turn away from the bust to remember sadly, that all which it would picture is now cold as the marble of the sculptor.

'Upon the wall of our study is a portrait, in which the engraver's art has well preserved—what the sculptor cannot give—the life-expression of the same countenance. The forehead, the brow, the mouth, the symmetry of feature are here, as given in the bust; and beside, the eye illuminating the face, and speaking from the inner depths of the soul, and an outline of the person, showing a vigor of the muscular system proportionate to the development of the brain. But this is the countenance in repose; and years of study, and physical infirmities, have traced upon it their ineffaceable ridges and depressions. This picture will not bring to us the man we seek.

'We go back a few days, and stand with venerable and reverend men—the teachers of our youth, the friends and counsellors of riper years—by the yet unclosed coffin; and look with lingering gaze, upon the repose of a great soul in death. All trace of labor and of suffering has passed away; and that forehead in its serene majesty, and those lips with their voiceless sweetness, still 'rule us from the sceptred urn.' But in this very room, where the relation of Disciple was absorbed in the higher relation of Friend, and where in familiar conversation, the Teacher and the Preacher were lost in a child-like enthusiasm for truth and its discoveries—in this room so animated by his presence that he lives in its every object—we cannot accept the silent though majestic impress of death, as the permanent recollection of him whom we shall meet on earth no more.

'We go back a little earlier, to look upon that countenance made wan and sallow by disease, and to listen to that voice broken and hesitating through weakness and pain; and though the

eye is not dim, nor the intellectual force abated, as he converts his bolstered bed into a didactic chair, and with clear discrimination and earnest emphasis recapitulates the grand points of Gospel truth elaborated in his lectures—we cannot bear to cherish the image of moral and intellectual strength over-mastering physical weakness, as the abiding impression of the departed sage.

'We must go back more than twenty years, and look upon him in his manly vigor, as with an eye that riveted whomever it glanced upon, and a voice that reverberated like a deep-toned bell, and an earnestness that glowed through every feature and fibre of the man, he first stirred our mind with the overwhelming argument and pathos of his sermons, or lifted us up into mid-heaven by the magnificent sweep and attraction of his lectures. An older pupil of his, at our side, insists that to know Dr. TAYLOR as he was, we should be able to go back forty years, and listen to him as he came fresh from the pulpit of the Centre Church to the chair of Theology in Yale College; that only his *first* class can fully appreciate his vigor of thought, his reach of intellect, and his power of inspiring others to tread with him the sublimest mysteries of divine truth. And one of his latest pupils insists, that no one of all his thirty-six classes could ever have known him so fresh, so intimate, so earnest, so clear, so thorough, so profound, as did that little circle who gathered in his parlor to read together his lectures, and then listen to his exposition. There could be no higher tribute to the intellectual and moral greatness of the teacher, than these rival claims of pupils nearly forty years apart, each to have known him best, and to have loved him most. No bust or picture can ever compare with the likeness cherished in these living hearts.'

Here is a succession of pictures, which bring the man, 'in his habit as he lived,' directly before us. The paper on PARTON'S '*Life and Times of Aaron Burr*,' is able and severe. '*Spiritualism tested by Science*' is another 'searching' article.

COLE'S RIG, FOR REDUCING AND FURLING SAILS FROM THE DECK.—Captain JAMES E. COLE, the author of a pamphlet before us, we apprehend, will be running his 'Rigs' upon many a sea-captain hereaway, before many months have gone by. The very title of his nautical, seaman-like publication, must awaken new and stirring thoughts in the minds of our sea-faring readers; nay, in the minds of ship-owners, and passengers, as well as in those of captains and their men. What! a *Rig*, by which all the sails of a ship, be it in calm or storm, can be spread to the wind, and quickly withdrawn from its influence, without a man going aloft, or any of the fatigue or peril of the system hitherto found to be unavoidable? Yes: a *Rig* by which the turning of a crank on deck quickly and effectually accomplishes what has hitherto tasked the muscles and periled the lives of seamen. There is no mistake: the pamphlet and the drawings leave no room for doubt. Practical experiment has confirmed the theory. Patents have been secured in this country and in England; and we hear that the British Board of Admiralty, on examining the 'Rig'—the description, drawings, and model—expressed their full conviction that it would work successfully. We have not room to expatiate on the humane tendencies, or on the commercial benefits of this new labor-saving machinery. We recommend the pamphlet, which is published by BARTON AND COMPANY, Number 111 Fulton-street, to 'all concerned.'

HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—It is our good fortune to possess a noble copy of the *Abbotsford Edition of Scott's Novels*, with its profusion of authentic and exquisitely-executed engravings; a treasured present from that open-handed, generous publisher, ROBERT CADELL: but our *reading* copy is TICKNOR AND FIELDS' exceedingly beautiful '*Household Edition of the Waverley Novels*;' convenient in size, admirably printed upon the best paper, and each volume illustrated with a fine engraving on steel. 'All things considered, it is the neatest and most serviceable edition which has ever been published, not even excepting the recent English editions in duodecimo. Not to mention the elegant manner of their publication, the fine press-work, smooth paper, clear type, neat binding, it may be said that they are very carefully edited, and comprehend all the additions of notes, prefatory letters, explanations, with which Sir WALTER SCOTT accompanied the issue of nearly every one of them from the press. To say one word in praise of works which are as original as was the 'Iliad,' and which, after the lapse of many years, are still the best of their class, seems not merely useless but absurd; and yet, amid the flood of second-rate novels and romances with which the press for the last four or five years has teemed, it may not be wholly superfluous now and then to recall attention to the works of the acknowledged masters. '*Quentin Durward*,' which constitutes the last

month's addition to the Waverley series, is a romance which acquired a great popularity at home and on the continent, and has been included, in the world's judgment, among the half-dozen best of the Waverley series.'

'PEARLS OF THOUGHT.'—We recognize, in this small, neat volume, which reaches our table from the press of our friends MESSRS. STANFORD AND DELISSER, Number 508 Broadway, the good taste and handiwork of the clever author of 'A Salad for the Solitary.' The religious and philosophical 'pearls' which the book contains, are gathered from numerous and various 'Old Authors,' and are selected and arranged with excellent judgment. The author has been a most successful gleaner in the old fields of sacred literature and learning. 'Sacred learning,' remarks the compiler, 'is among the most elevating and pure of intellectual pursuits: it qualifies us for both worlds; and these thoughts, maxims, and aphorisms, are among its spoils. Many a suggestive thought, long buried in the dusty folios of the school-men, is thus exhumed, and rendered fertile of interest to many appreciative minds.' These 'pearls' have been collected from the writings of such authors as JEREMY COLLIER, OWEN FELTHAM, BISHOP HALL, THOMAS FULLER, SIR THOMAS BROWNE, JOHN DONNE, FRANCIS QUARLES, PASCAL, FENELON, JEREMY TAYLOR, etc. The 'Thoughts' herein embraced will supply *matériel* for reflection to all meditative minds: and such will reverently and lovingly cherish these relics of the past with grateful regard. Odd intervals of time cannot be devoted to better purpose than to these suggestive passages; while their variety constitutes them an epitome of good things—a library in miniature. Those who can appreciate the gift, will be inclined to adopt the words of good old Bishop HALL: 'Blessed be God, who hath set up so many clear lamps in His Church: none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those, His faithful servants, who have left their blood, their spirits, their lives in these precious pages, and have willingly wasted themselves into these enduring monuments, to give light to others.'

URSULA, A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE.—This latest work of Miss SEWELL, author of 'AMY HERBERT,' 'IVORS,' etc., is from the press of the MESSRS. APPLETON. It has met with general and well-deserved praise. Our well-endowed and capable contemporary critic of the '*Albion*' weekly journal says of it:

'THERE is nothing sickly nor sentimental in the book. On the contrary, it is written with a genuine appreciation of what is honest and true in the character of an ordinary mortal, after making due allowance for the irregularities and imperfections of human nature. URSULA is a life-drawn specimen of an energetic, sensible, healthful, and devoted woman—excellent as a friend, a sister, and a wife. An orphan, with two brothers, she is exceedingly jealous of the affection of the younger, ROGER GRANT, who ultimately falls in love with and marries a thoughtless and penniless but very pretty girl, one JESSIE LEE. A curiously constituted family, to whom ROGER acts as bailiff, is introduced among the principal personages; and under the name of MILLCENT WEIR, we recognize one of the masculine creations of ACTON BELL, a woman with the most tender feelings and the roughest hands, a village SHIRLEY, a rustic DIX VERNON. ROGER succeeds his blind and widowed brother in the management of the farm; marries, and is almost reduced to a state of hopeless misery by the foolish conduct of his wife before her marriage, which she conceals from him. An interesting delineation of sterling friendship and unselfish kindness brings one JOHN HERVEY on the scene. URSULA, thrown off her guard by an erroneous idea that he is engaged to a village friend, MARY KEMP, confides in him, respects, loves, and finally marries him; and we think the real charm of the work will be found in the gradual development of this honest and slowly formed attachment.'

'THE QUAKER SOLDIER: OR THE BRITISH IN PHILADELPHIA.'—The manly and outspoken preface to this book first attracted us to its contents. It is written with a good degree of ability. The 'Quaker Soldier' (an anomalous term) is the only son of a wealthy Quaker family, who is driven from home by his father's strictness. His experience, both at home and abroad, when he entered on a high career of fame, and his adventures in Philadelphia and in the American army during the war, reveal to the reader that part of our history in a new phase. The action of the tale commences with the entry of the British into Philadelphia, and closes with their departure: and we have in this interval a series of vivid pictures of the times.





*Pres. Sargent*